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Depths of blue I cannot guess
  And skies I cannot measure
Give me scorn of happiness,
  Give me shame of pleasure.

Can I laugh when such as these
  Stark and solemn stand,
Holding up stern mysteries
  On God's either hand?

Once I've tasted lofty things
  I have need of others:
Little birds on homing wings,
  Babies and their mothers.

ELSPETH MACDUFFIE.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

JAMES DUNWOODY BULLOCH

Captain James D. Bulloch, later promoted to the rank of Admiral, came of a distinguished Georgia family of Scotch-Irish and Huguenot extraction. His great-grandfather, Archibald Bulloch, held many important positions under the Colonial Government. He called the meeting to sympathize with the Bostonians. He was twice elected to the Continental Congress, and was elected President and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia, 1776-1777. He was the first man to read the Declaration of Independence in that State, and for him were named a fort, a "galley," and a county. His grandson, Major James Stephens Bulloch, was a member of the company under whose auspices the *Savannah,* the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, made her famous voyage in 1819 from Savannah to Liverpool. This Major Bulloch married Hester, daughter of U. S. Senator John Elliott, and their only son was Captain James Dunwoody Bulloch, the Confederate Naval Representative. By his second marriage Major James Stephens Bulloch was the father of Martha, who became the mother of President Theodore Roosevelt, and of a son, Irvine Stephens Bulloch, who was sailing master of the *Alabama* at the time of her fight with the *Kearsage.* James Dunwoody Bulloch, the subject of this sketch, married Harriet Cross, daughter of Brigadier General Cross, U. S. A., and they left one son, who now lives in Australia.[1]

Captain James Dunwoody Bulloch, whom his nephew President Roosevelt often compared to Colonel Newcome, was "one of the small number of lieutenants in the United States Navy who had been detailed by the Government to enter the Mail Service some years before the war, with the object to enlarge the school for experience in steam." Later he and several other lieutenants resigned their naval commissions and remained in the Mail Service, so that when Georgia seceded he was only a private individual engaged in the ordinary business of life, and completely identified with the shipping enterprises of New York. As he says, "I had no property of any kind in the South, nor any pecuniary interests whatever in that part of the country," but, he con-

[1]See Historical Collection of Joseph Habersham Chapter, D.A.R., and *Georgia and Georgians* by Lucian Lamar Knight.

tinues, "I had never concealed or ever disguised the fact that in respect to the issues at stake my heart and my head were with the South. My sympathies and convictions were both on that side, although my personal interests were wholly, and personal friendships were chiefly, in the North." But "when Beauregard fired the first shot at Fort Sumter in the early dawn of April 13th, 1861, he sounded a call which summoned every man to fall into line on his own side, and there could no longer be any delay." Captain Bulloch was then in New Orleans in command of the steamship *Bienville* of the Mail Service, and, to continue quoting from his book, *Secret Service,*

> At 10 A.M. on the 13th of April, 1861, all doubt in regard to the condition of affairs at Charleston had vanished, and I wrote a letter to the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, who was then Attorney General of the Confederate States, requesting him to offer my services to the Government. Some members of the Cabinet knew of my naval education and employment in the Mail Service, and I explained to Mr. Benjamin that being in command of the steamship *Bienville,* it was necessary for me to first take her back to New York and return her to those to whom she belonged, but on my arrival in New York I would be ready for service. After posting the letter, I went on board to hasten the preparations for sailing next morning.
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> During the afternoon two members of the "Board of War," a committee of ex-army officers and prominent citizens whom Governor Moore of the seceded State of Louisiana had appointed to aid him in putting the State in a condition of defence, called on Captain Bulloch, informed him that they thought it important to secure the *Bienville* for the naval service of the Confederacy, and asked if he would name a price, and the Government would order the amount paid. To this Captain Bulloch replied, that he had no authority to sell, nor could he make any arrangements to transfer her to the Confederate Government. After some discussion, the "Board of War" said it might be necessary to take the ship by force. Captain Bulloch felt he could neither sell nor give the ship up without resistance, and he made his plans, as he was not able to fight, to run away if any attempt was made to forcibly detain the *Bienville;* but as he said he felt "both grieved and amazed at the prospect of having to run away

from my friends, to save the property of those who were constructively my enemies."

In this dilemma Captain Bulloch was sustained by the steamship agent, Mr. John Fox, who, though a Southern man and a Secessionist, and probably hoping in his heart the *Bienville* would be seized, was yet loyal to Captain Bulloch and the New York owners, and said Captain Bulloch was quite right in refusing to give up on any terms. To spare Captain Bulloch awkward complications it was decided to refer the matter to President Davis, who replied, "Do not detain the *Bienville;* we do not wish to interfere in any way with private property." And so, though the Confederate Government still kept the offer open for the *Bienville,* the vessel was allowed to depart in peace. On her return to New York she was chartered to take troops to re-enforce the Federal lines at Washington, and, shortly after, she and the other ships belonging to her owners were purchased by the United States Government and sent to blockade the Southern ports. Later she was one of the ships which prevented Captain Bulloch from being able to sail from Savannah on the blockade-runner *Fingal.*

Captain Bulloch says he mentions this incident of permitting the *Bienville* to sail for New York as manifesting the purpose of the Confederate authorities to act with prudence and without the heat of passion which commonly marks the conduct of men when driven into revolutionary enterprises; but it shows also something of his own sense of obligation and fidelity to duty that even to aid his friends he was not willing to betray a trust imposed upon him by those who were soon to be his enemies.

The day after his arrival in New York, he received the expected letter from Mr. Benjamin, saying that the Secretary of the Navy desired him to come at once to Montgomery. In order to settle up his affairs, and not to excite suspicion by showing undue haste, he was delayed in New York for ten days. He then made his way to Cincinnati, taking only light baggage. There, through the kindness of a Kentuckian, he was able to get to Louisville without being detained by the military guards on the Ohio, and from there had no trouble in reaching Montgomery. Reporting to Secretary Mallory, he found that instead of being ordered to New Orleans for the naval defence of that city as he had expected, he was to be sent abroad, and was to start the next day.

He says:

> The South was outnumbered in population at least five to one. In military and naval resources the disproportion was many times greater. The only hope of success lay in prompt and energetic use of her whole strength, and it was the bounden duty of every one to accept the position and employment allotted to him without cavil and remonstrance.
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> Many of the Southern officers were in foreign stations when their states seceded. They had not only to return to the United States by long routes, but, after arrival, they were compelled to find their way to the South through the Northern States, whose people were becoming daily more and more hostile. They had often to take circuitous and expensive routes, and hence most of them reached their homes with pecuniary resources exhausted, and they had nothing to offer their country but their patriotism and their swords. Even experience and their technical knowledge were at first of little profit, because the Confederacy had no ships for them to serve in, and no seamen to be organized and drilled.
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> Most of the steamers had returned to Northern ports, and the Confederates were able to find only one vessel in the port of New Orleans, the little *Sumter,* fit to be converted into a ship-of-war.
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> There were no machine shops, no yards, no shipwrights, and no collection of material for ship building. It was thought to be of prime importance to get cruisers at sea as soon as possible to harass the enemy's commerce, and to compel him to send his own ships of war in pursuit, which might otherwise be employed in blockading Southern ports.

Mr. Mallory discussed this with Captain Bulloch, and the types of vessels needed and the possibility of getting them in England. As the Southern ports were blockaded, it was decided that Captain Bulloch had best make his way to Europe by way of the Western States and Canada. As it would be dangerous for him to take any papers with him, Mr. Mallory told him he must commit all instructions to memory, and he was especially warned to obtain the best legal advice, so as not to do anything that would in any way infringe upon neutral laws and obligations, and especially the Foreign Enlistment Act.

On his arrival in London, though he had no credentials to prove his personal identity or the nature of his mission, he was re-

ceived by the Hon. W. L. Yancey and the Hon. Dudley Mann, the Confederate Commissioners then in Europe, and Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Company, the bankers of the Confederacy, with trust and cordiality. Though no funds had yet reached these bankers, and though they had no advice of remittances, on behalf of Captain Bulloch's mission, Mr. Charles K. Prioleau, the resident partner, perceiving the necessity of prompt action, authorized Captain Bulloch to give out such orders as were of pressing importance and to refer to his firm for the financial arrangements. So within a month after his arrival he was not only able to buy a fair quantity of naval supplies on their credit, but had the keel of the *Florida* built; she was partly in frame before the Navy Department had been able to place any funds in Europe. Shortly after, the *Alabama* was contracted for at the price of £47,999. Mr. Hull, an able solicitor, was consulted, and everything was done to avoid infringing the Foreign Enlistment Act. Captain Bulloch says in regard to purchases made during this period by the Federal and by the Confederate agents:

> They [the Federal agents] went about their business as men who neither anticipated nor feared interference or opposition. They were well provided with money, or satisfactory bank credits, and they rapidly swept the gun market of wellnigh every weapon, whether good or bad. The Confederate agents were forced from want of means to be content with moderate purchases. There was always much perplexity and embarrassment from lack of ready money. The first remittance from the Navy Department reached England July 27th, and was not enough to cover orders for naval stores and the cost of the two ships. Nothing more was received until October—so no further contracts could be made at that time.

In order to get military supplies into the Confederacy, and bring out cotton which might furnish a source of credit in Europe, it was decided to purchase the *Fingal*, a swift vessel suitable for running the blockade, and as it was important for Captain Bulloch to consult the Secretary of the Navy, it was decided that he go to the Confederate States on her. On the way, the supply of water running short, the vessel put into the Bay of Praya, Terceira, and Captain Bulloch was so impressed by the lonely isolation of the spot that he afterwards selected it as the place for

arming the *Alabama*. Aided by a fog, the *Fingal* got safely past the blockading squadron off Savannah, and Captain Bulloch went to Richmond to consult with Secretary Mallory. On this journey the South's utter lack of military equipment was painfully brought home to him.

> The railways were singletrack lines, and the rolling stock, barely able to satisfy the ordinary passenger and goods traffic, were already yielding to the wear and tear, and the heavy trains filled with troops moving towards Virginia, and loaded with stores and supplies for the army were dragged slowly along by overworked engines.

The troops he saw had neither uniforms nor overcoats, though it was late November, and some were even armed with old-fashion flint-lock muskets, and there was not a single modern rifle in the whole battalion, nor a bayonet.

> It is hardly possible to exaggerate the discomforts and privations to which Southern troops were exposed. The rank and file were in no sense responsible for the political events which produced the struggle, and the great majority of them had not the least personal interest in that domestic institution which many assert to be the underlying cause of the antagonism between the North and South, yet they answered quickly and loyally the appeal of their States, and formed that splendid infantry which, though ill-armed and equipped, poorly clad, and often insufficiently fed, marched and countermarched, toiled in the trenches, and fought in the line of battle with admirable patience and courage for four years, and who, in the depressing retreat to Appomattox Court House, when it was manifest that there was no longer a hope of final success, turned on their pursuers with all the *élan* of Chancellors. No one can have witnessed what those men endured or can know what they performed without admiration.

After consultation with the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Bulloch went to Savannah, but as the tightness of the blockade prevented the *Fingal's* return to England, he decided to take a blockade-runner owned by Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm and Company from Wilmington, and succeeded in getting to sea. At Fayal, in the Azores, he says,

> The American Consul gave a good deal of trouble, and if it had not been for Lloyd's agent, we should not have got any

> coal. As it was, we had to be content with a scant supply, and before reaching Queenstown, March 8th, we were reduced to burning the sweepings of the bunkers mixed with resin and spare spars cut into short lengths.

The *Florida* was now ready to put to sea; and as Captain Bulloch had received orders not to leave England, there was some difficulty in selecting a Confederate commander for her, and getting word to him to meet her at the chosen *rendez-vous*. Lieutenant J. N. Maffit, an able officer, was believed to be at Nassau so it was decided to send the new ship to him. The complications, in order not to infringe upon the Foreign Enlistment Act, of having to bring the unarmed vessel, her armament, and officers together at some point outside of England, caused Captain Bulloch his greatest difficulties. And in the case of each vessel he equipped he felt the greatest uneasiness for fear his plans might in some way miscarry. The day after the *Alabama* got out of the Mersey, he joined her at Moeltra Bay and went with her as far as the Giant's Causeway. There a fishing boat was hailed and he went ashore, not without fear for the safety of the new vessel on her maiden voyage along the dangerous north coast of Ireland in the face of a storm.

Captain Bulloch had been promised first the command of the *Florida*, and later of the *Alabama*, but his presence was too necessary in Europe for him to be spared. As he was anxious to go to sea, this was a bitter disappointment. He, however, stifling his disappointment, pays the following tribute to Admiral Semmes:

> In broad comprehensive knowledge of all subjects embraced in a thorough naval education, in tact, judgment, acquaintance with diplomatic usage, and in the requirements of international law and comity—in the talent, nerve, and mental vigor necessary to impress his views upon those under him, and thus carry out his plans effectively, he had few, if any, equals in that service in which he passed the greater portion of his life, and which he left in obedience to a principle which was paramount with him, as it was with many others of unblemished character and unsullied honour, who were yet classed together with him under the generic appellations of "pirate," "rebel" and "traitor," in the political phraseology which grew up and was disseminated from the State Department at Washington.

In utter disregard of the fact that a ship-of-war of a *de facto* government whose belligerency had been recognized was in no wise to be classed as a pirate, the term "pirate" was commonly applied to Admiral Semmes and other Confederate Naval officers by Mr. Seward and those under him, and it was even used by some Federal Naval officers who fell under Mr. Seward's influence. The diplomatic correspondence of the day is full of this misapplication of the word "pirate" to Confederate ships-of-war by Federal authorities, and in the replies by the representatives of foreign governments this mis-statement is corrected, and attention is called to the fact that they were not "pirates" but ships-of-war of a belligerent State.

In regard to the rescue of Admiral Semmes and other members of his crew (after the sinking of the *Alabama* by the *Kearsage*) by the British yacht *Deerhound,* and the subsequent demand of the Federal Government that they be surrendered as prisoners-of-war and the refusal of the British Government to do so, a letter written by Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams is rather interesting as throwing some light on Mr. Seward's attitude. Before quoting this note it is as well to mention the conditions under which Admiral Semmes and other members of the *Alabama's* crew were rescued. The *Alabama* was fast sinking and had struck her colors.

> There was barely time to get the *Alabama's* wounded men into the boats and despatch them to the *Kearsage,* when the ship went down, and the officers and crew were swimming for their lives. The *Kearsage* did not immediately send assistance. It appears from Captain Winslow's report [Captain Winslow was the commander of the *Kearsage*] that the boats were disabled, but he managed, after some delay, to get two afloat, and picked up a few men. Captain Semmes and the greater portion of his officers and crew were rescued by two French fishing vessels and the English steam yacht *Deerhound,* owned by Mr. John Lancaster. The French fishermen proceeded into Cherbourg, and the *Deerhound* to Southampton, and the rescued officers and men were landed at these two ports, respectively.

There seems to have been no attempt to obtain from France the surrender of the *Alabama's* officers and crew who were taken there, but the Federal Government was quite insistent that the

English Government give up as prisoners-of-war those rescued by the *Deerhound*. Lord Russell refused, and Mr. Seward then wrote the following note, already referred to, to Mr. Adams: "The Earl argues that if these persons had not been so taken from the sea, they would in all probability have been drowned, and they never would have been in the situation of prisoners-of-war. . . . I have to observe upon these remarks of Earl Russell that it was the right of the *Kearsage* that the pirates should drown, unless saved by the humane exertions of the officers and crew of that vessel, or by their own efforts, without the aid of the *Deerhound*."

The contract for the Laird's Ironclads, and their "detention" and final "seizure" by the British Government after Mr. Adams' threat of war, is well known. The Confederate agents had been led to believe that Napoleon III would intervene to procure their release on behalf of M. Bravay, the nominal purchaser, as a French subject; but under date of February 17, 1864, Captain Bulloch wrote to the Confederate Government,

> It has been intimated to Mr. Slidell, through no less a personage than the Duc de Morney, that the Emperor cannot make such a request at this time, although his desire is that somehow or other the release of the rams should be effected, and their possession by the Confederate States again secured.

Six months passed, during which, though the Ironclads were detained, no effort was made on the part of the Crown to bring the case to trial. At last, however, with a lawsuit in one hand and the valuation in the other, the British Government made an effort to offer to M. Bravay which was accepted. The whole of the purchase money did not of course revert to the Confederate Treasury, but only a part proportioned to the amount that had been paid on account; and although the circumstances which brought this pecuniary reinforcement to the funds of the Navy Department were most distressing, yet the relief came at a time when much work would have been necessarily abandoned, and some important contracts cancelled if it had not been obtained.

There was also an attempt made by Captain Bulloch to get vessels in France; and on secret intimation from the Emperor that French citizens would be allowed to take contracts for them, two Ironclad rams and four corvettes were ordered. Later when the

vessels were almost completed, one of the ship-builders, M. Voruz, was robbed of his correspondence by one of his clerks, and just after, a violent protest against allowing these vessels to be built for the Confederacy, was made to the French Government by the American Minister. Napoleon III was in failing health; his Mexican policy was meeting with much opposition in Mexico, and was very unpopular in France; moreover, by that time the fortunes of the Confederate States seemed to be waning, so it is probable that he did not feel like incurring the hostility of the Federal Government. Anyhow, shortly after this protest of the American Minister, the French ship-builders were told, on threat of imprisonment, that the ships must be sold so that they would not pass into the possession of the Confederate Government. Prussia and Denmark were then at war, and the corvettes and rams were sold to Prussia and to Denmark. This selling of war vessels to each belligerent was probably a case of neutrality being interpreted as impartiality. Prussia rushed her vessels off during an armistice. Denmark had some changes made in hers, and whether on this account, or on account of the sailing of the ram being delayed by the French Government, the vessel did not sail for Denmark until November, after hostilities were over. The vessel, then not being needed by Denmark, was bought by the Confederate Government through the agency of a merchant. She was taken to San Migual, where the blockade-runner *City of Richmond* met her with her officers, ordnance, and other necessary supplies, and she was commissioned a Confederate ship-of-war and named the *Stonewall.* A leak prevented the vessel from sailing at once for the Confederate States, and she went to Corunna for repairs. Her repairs completed, she put to sea, her colors flying, in full view of the Federal ship, *Niagara,* a powerful frigate, and the Federal corvette, *Sacramento.* Strange to say, they made no attempt to stop her.

On reaching Havana, Captain Page, the commander of the *Stonewall,* learned of General Lee's surrender, and that President Davis had been captured. His situation was perplexing, and to make matters more complicated, the meager war chest with which he had started out was exhausted, and $16,000 was needed to pay off the crew. It was learned that the Captain-General was willing to advance the sum necessary—so Lieutenant Carter was sent ashore to ask for enough to pay off the crew, $16,000, and

to surrender his vessel to the Cuban authorities. When Lieutenant Carter asked for the $16,000, the Captain-General said, "Make it $100,000." Lieutenant Carter replied, "My orders were to get $16,000." The Captain-General then said, "Say $50,000." Lieutenant Carter replied, "No, $16,000." This was given him. Later the vessel was turned over to the United States by the Spanish Government.

It was while lying in the Clyde loading for her maiden voyage that Captain Bulloch first saw the *Sea King* and realized at once how well she was adapted for a Confederate cruiser, a vessel which, on account of the difficulty of getting coal, had always to have ample sailing power and the necessary arrangements for disconnecting and lifting her screw, so as not to impede her progress when going under sail. A little less than a year after, on her return to England, she was bought by Captain Bulloch through a gentleman who acted as an intermediary. Under Las Desertas, an uninhabited island of the Madeiras, the *Sea King* received from her tender the *Laurel* her ordnance and officers and was commissioned the Confederate ship *Shenandoah.*

After the fall of the Confederacy, Captain Bulloch made every effort to communicate the news to her commander, Lieutenant Waddell, and appealed to Lord Russell to ask the British consuls at the ports where the *Shenandoah* was likely to touch to give a letter to Lieutenant Waddell. It was, however, from the British barque *Barracouta* on August 2, 1865, that the *Shenandoah* first learned the news. She was at once disarmed, her guns, their gear and appurtenances being lowered, and she sailed for England, where her commander turned her over to the British authorities, who surrendered her to the Federal Government. In regard to the men who joined the *Shenandoah* at Melbourne, her commander stated officially that they got aboard without his knowledge, and were not discovered until the ship was at sea.

Several small vessels were bought by Captain Bulloch for the Confederate Government for taking supplies to the Confederacy and bringing cotton back to Europe. These vessels saved freight costs, and were usually sold for what they cost. The Confederacy was, through the entire war, hampered for want of funds, and often one vessel had to be sold before another could be bought.

During the war only one loan, the Erlanger Loans, so-called, because it was put out under the auspices of those bankers, was

floated abroad. It was for £3,000,000, and was five times oversubscribed. After this, Confederate bonds were for a time at a premium of five per cent. The rest of the Confederate funds in Europe were mainly supplied by cotton that could be gotten through the blockade.

Throughout the war the Confederate Government was hampered by having no minister or consuls in any country to champion its cause and protect its interests. There were in some countries Commissioners, as in England and France, but these of course did not have the entrée nor the hearing accorded to the representatives of a duly recognized state. In discussing the alleged violations of British neutrality by Federals and Confederates, Captain Bulloch says:

> The chief supplies which the United States drew from Europe were arms, accoutrements, ammunition, and men. I say men, because it is well known that large numbers of emigrants were induced to go to the United States during the war under implied promises or allegations that they would find work, and the work supplied them after arrival was that of bearing arms in the United States Army and helping to subjugate the South.
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> It would be easy for me to name persons of unquestionable respectability in England, especially in Liverpool, who were well aware that bands of so-called emigrants were constantly passing through Liverpool and other English coast towns, en route for the United States, often in charge of men who were known to be agents of that Government. The diplomatic correspondence demonstrates incontestably that a system of "evasive enlistments" for the United States army was practised in Europe during the Civil War, and Confederate officers would have no difficulty in proving, if there was any need, that whole battalions of Federal soldiers captured during the campaigns in Virginia, were composed of men who had not been six months in the country and could not speak a word of English.
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> The Confederate Government did not require men so much as arms. They were never able to equip the fighting population of the country. They wanted, however, besides arms, ships suitable to cruise and destroy the enemies' mercantile marine.
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> I can find no record of a single ship being detained an hour to give an account of her cargo, or her destination, if she was

> clearing for a Northern port, and was duly certified by the local United States Consul. It was very different with ships of any description loading for a British colony, for Cuba, or for Mexico. The mere allegation of an American Consul that he had reason to believe that she was intended for a Confederate cruiser was sufficient to cause immediate investigation, often complete stoppage of the work during the inquiry, or in many cases instances a complete prevention of the voyage.

He further takes up the question of coal furnished to the two belligerents and shows by the records of the British ports both at home and in the colonies that a much larger quantity was furnished to the Federals than to the Confederates.

In regard to the so-called "escape" of the *Alabama* from Liverpool without registration and without clearance at the custom house, Captain Bulloch says, "The effect of registry in England is to entitle the ship to wear the British flag, and to assume British nationality." When, however, a vessel is built for sale or delivery abroad to a previous purchaser, there is no violation of law if she is sent away without a register. Also, before the law was changed in 1867, there was no penalty incurred if a vessel left a British port without a clearance if she was in ballast, and had no dutiable stores. And the records showed specific examples of ships that sailed without registry and clearance. Captain Bulloch was careful to get good legal advice on all points connected with the *Alabama,* and no one was ever indicted or made to answer for any matter connected with her, although all the parties continued to reside in England. Her Majesty's Customs officers were on her the day the *Alabama* sailed and were satisfied that she had no arms or ammunition aboard her. The so-called "ruse" was not to deceive them but the United States Consular spies.

Captain Bulloch says he was careful from the beginning to follow closely the instructions of the Confederate Government to get the best legal advice so as never to infringe upon the laws of neutrality; and that no one with whom he had dealings was ever prosecuted in a British court for breaking any of the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act. He was careful never to have dealings with any but men of good standing in their walk of life. And never was he in any way deceived or taken advantage of by those with whom he had dealings.

He states in his book, *The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe,* that a large proportion of the crews of Confederate cruisers were recruited from crews of prize vessels, that this was voluntary, and that the men were contented. To prove this he cites the fidelity with which they returned from shore leave, the loyalty of the men of the *Florida* and of the *Alabama* when misfortune overwhelmed their vessels, and also the good behavior of the crew of the *Shenandoah,* after they knew of the fall of the Confederacy, throughout their long weary journey back to England. And after the war was over, for many years seamen would come from time to time to see Captain Bulloch at his English home to tell him what they were doing. It seemed always a matter of pride with them that they were former sailors on Confederate cruisers.

In discussing the Geneva Arbitration, Captain Bulloch is very interesting, for there was probably no one more familiar with the Confederate side of the case than he was. In summing up the neutrality question, he cites many instances in which England was more favorable to the Federals than to the Confederates. And in regard to the "three rules" followed by the Arbitrators, he calls attention to the fact, sometimes lost sight of, that they did not form a part of the Municipal Law of England, nor even of International Law during the Civil War, nor even did they form a part of International Law at the time of the Arbitration.

It is interesting to trace how a nation's attitude, as well as a man's, changes with change of interests. During the Civil War it was to England's interests to furnish war materials to both belligerents, and a permanent division of the great Republic across the Atlantic, which was both a commercial and a maritime rival, did not seem undesirable, provided this division could be brought about without involving England in war. After 1865, England herself was threatened with divisions, and therefore her outlook was different. The Fenians were causing unrest in Ireland, an unrest which was the more dangerous on account of the number of Irishmen who had received military training in the Union armies during the American Civil War. The United States appeared to be not unfavorable to this uprising. There was also trouble in Canada, where Reil headed a rebellion in the northwest in 1870. It was well, with her far-flung colonial empire, for England to accept the "three rules"—so that in case of trouble

no colony might be able to acquire a navy in a foreign land. What had been desirable during the Revolution, when the American Colonies were in desperate need of ships, was no longer desirable for the United States during the Civil War, when the Federal Government was in much the same position that Great Britain was in during the Revolution, while the Confederate States were in a position similar to that of the American Colonies.[2]

In regard to the Foreign Enlistment Act, two rather interesting instances are cited by Captain Bulloch, when the British Foreign Enlistment Act was suspended by orders in Council,—once to allow a legion recruited in England to go to Spain to fight for Queen Isabella against the Carlists, and second in 1868, when Captain Sherard Osbourne, R. N., was allowed to fit out ships and engage British subjects to enter the service of China.

At the time of the fall of the Confederacy, the Navy, which had just sold some vessels, was the only Department which had any funds in the hands of the bankers, Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Company, but that balance was not sufficient to make good the deficits in the other accounts. The United States immediately took possession of all propery of the Confederate Government, regardless of all previous liens upon it. Mr. Seward assumed that the Confederate Government was merely a domestic faction, not a *de facto* government, and all transactions with it were illegal, and therefore were null and void. Suits by the United States Government were brought to attach all property belonging to the Confederate States. Had a direct appeal been made to the Confederate agents, a prompt and straightforward statement of all rights and titles to property would have been given, and a satisfactory settlement could have been reached, protecting private right and without loss to the United States. The Federal Government preferred, however, to give its agents a certain percentage for finding Confederate property. In 1866-7 the Congressional Document shows that out of $144,157.15 recovered, $90,308.76 was charged for disbursements. The English Court decided that the United States Government could have no greater rights in prop-

[2]Captain Bulloch in his book calls attention to the fact that during the Revolution the war vessels of the Colonies were practically all bought, armed, equipped, and almost exclusively officered abroad; and that during the War of 1812 Commodore David Porter manned and commissioned one of his prizes at sea, calling her the *Essex Junior*, after his ship the *Essex*.

erty belonging to the Confederacy, than that Government had had, and so all previous liens on this property were recognized by the English Courts. Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Company offered to turn over to the Federal Government all Confederate accounts and all property likely to fall into their hands or in their hands. This property was to be sold, and the United States Government was to retain all above £150,000, which was to be paid to the bankers to cover their advances to the Confederate Government, which, however, they alleged to be far in excess of that amount. Mr. Seward declined this compromise, and the result was a series of law-suits by which the United States seems to have probably recovered far less than the compromise promised, and years of prolonged litigation which in the end resulted in the ruin of Fraser, Trenholm and Company.

Captain Bulloch was sent abroad to obtain for the Confederacy vessels to prey upon the enemies' commerce, and to free the South's ports from the blockade which was strangling her. In this he was not able to accomplish what he hoped to do. Probably, however, he accomplished as much as any man could have done under the circumstances, and among those who knew him he has left a reputation for ability and unimpeachable integrity. Had he been spared to see the honors heaped upon his famous nephew, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, Captain Bulloch would undoubtedly have been proud of the connection. One wonders, however, if President Roosevelt did not have an almost equal reason to be proud of his able and indomitable old uncle, Captain James Dunwoody Bulloch, C. S. N., who though a stranger in a strange land, and in spite of insuperable obstacles, almost succeeded in supplying his government with a navy—a navy which in all probability would have led to a different ending to the Civil War. Moreover, it is interesting to note the interest in naval affairs which characterized Captain Bulloch, his nephew President Roosevelt, and his great-nephew, the former Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

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THE INDEBTEDNESS OF ECHEGARAY TO IBSEN

As might be expected, the direct influence of Henrik Ibsen on the drama of José Echegaray has in some regards been overestimated, partly because of the obvious indebtedness of the Spanish dramatist to the Norwegian in *El hijo de Don Juan* and *El loco dios,* partly because of certain sweeping statements that have been echoed and re-echoed. All that glitters Ibsen-esque in Echegaray's theatre is not, however, from Ibsen, as a comparison of dates will readily prove.[1]

A case in point is *Piensa mal y ¿acertarás?* (1884), which contains a symbolic story of a wounded bird that immediately recalls the use of the wild duck in Ibsen's drama of that name. Valentín, led by his evil genius, Pedro, misinterprets the happy relationship existing between the generous Benigno, the ward Esperanza, and little Nieves, and so concludes that his friend's attempt to further his marriage with Esperanza springs from a desire to rid himself of an embarrassing reminder of the past. The situation differs from that of the elder Werle, Gina, Hedwig, and Hjalmar only in that it was imagined rather than real. Furthermore, Valentín and Benigno were old college friends, and the description of their boyhood relationship is remarkably similar to that of Gregers Werle and Hjalmar. And if Hjalmar is one who prefers to live in a world of unreality, not less so Valentín, who feels that "the world of dreams is such a smiling one."[2] Genaro, in his dislike of idealists, recalls the character of Dr. Relling and, in his relation of grandfather to little Nieves, that of old Ekdal. Gina and Olvido, both at the mercy of the tempest in times past, are equally passive in their attitude toward life while little Hedwig and Nieves feel the need of love at every moment and instinctively

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[1]References to Ibsen are in every case to the Scribner edition by W. Archer except with *The Wild Duck,* which is that of Boni and Liveright, Inc., N. Y.

Those to the works of Echegaray are in every case to the editions of the *Sociedad de Autores Españoles,* Salón del Prado, 14, except:

El hijo de Don Juan, translated as *The Son of Don Juan* by H. Graham, Roberts Bros., Boston, 1895.

O locura o santidad, edited by J. Geddes and F. M. Josselyn, D. C. Heath & Co., New York, 1901.

El loco dios Tipografia Yagües, Doctor fourquet, 4, 1922.

[2]*Piensa mal y ¿acertarás?* p. 36.

sense the storm that is playing above their heads. Also, the birthday of each plays quite an important part in the story as a whole. Other details that are suggestive are Valentín's hunting trips,[3] which recall Ekdal's and Hjalmar's fondness for that sport; and the minute consideration of Valentín's photograph, which brings to mind the important role photography plays in the drama of Ibsen. Finally, we have Pedro and Gregers Werle, both trouble-makers, although from different reasons, uttering the same wish and under much the same general conditions. Both are expressing the role they would like to play if things might be as they wish:

> Gregers: If I could choose, I should like best to be a clever dog—one that goes to the bottom after wild ducks when they dive and bite themselves fast in tangle and sea-weed among the ooze.[4]

Compare with this the remark of Pedro, who like Gregers Werle is a self-appointed guardian of his friend's happiness:

> I tell you, and I speak you fair,
> That in this dream you see
> The role of dog I want to play,
> 'Tis that role pleases me.[5]

Such striking similarities would certainly justify the critic in supposing a relationship, if dates did not preclude the possibility. Echegaray's play was staged on February 5, 1884, and must therefore have been written too early to have been influenced by *The Wild Duck,* whose first sketch was not completed until June, 1884,[6] and was not available to German readers until 1887.

One might point out also that the rapid *volte-face* of the smug Luís and his wife's refusal of his gracious "forgiveness" in *El libro talonario* are strongly reminiscent of that stormy scene in *A Doll's House* (1879) which so disturbed the Victorian peace of mind, or that *Haroldo el Normando* is such as immediately to recall *The Vikings at Helgeland* (German translation, 1876) and other early romantic dramas of the Norwegian. Not only is this true of the latter in that the contrast of characterization afforded

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[3] *Piensa mal y ¿acertarás?* p. 64.
[4] *The Wild Duck,* p. 45.
[5] *Piensa mal y ¿acertarás?* p. 64.
[6] See Moses, *Henrik Ibsen, the Man and his Plays,* p. 406.

by the warlike Ausguerda and the womanly Aurelia brings to mind that of Hjördis and Dagny, but also in that there are striking similarities in names and in various details of reference and dialogue. In the play of *Haroldo* dates would permit the assumption that Echegaray had before him the German translation of Ibsen's dramas, but reference to a certain Lodbrog[7] who defiantly chanted to his enemies the hymn of his past victories while dying in the pit of servants where King Ella had thrown him, as well as the name of Raguenhar itself, proves definitely that he was reading from the Ragnar Lodbrog saga. And Münch-Bellinghausen's *Der Fechter von Ravenna,* translated from the German by Echegaray in 1876, could have suggested the prototype of the Viking mold in which Ausguerda is cast.

After reading the plays of Echegaray, I have found only four which, in my opinion, show the direct influence of Ibsen; with all deference to as notable an authority as Fitzmaurice-Kelly, I feel it impossible to agree with his statement in the *Britannica* that "*Mariana* (1892) and *Mancha que limpia* (1895) indicate a close study of Ibsen" in their ideas. It will be readily admitted that there is an indirect influence of Ibsen pervading the dramas of Echegaray. It is much the same general influence, I believe, as has been felt on all modern drama. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's statement might, it seems to me, with more appropriateness be applied to such a drama as *Mrs. Dane's Defense* than to a play like *Mariana.* Because of Ibsen's widespread influence, there has been a temptation to ascribe to him much that Echegaray may have done, yes must have done, under the trend of modern social and dramatic tendencies.

Though the drama of the Spaniard looks backward only too frequently to the theatrical effects of romanticism and to the Calderonian themes of honor, it is evident in various ways that these modern tendencies have touched his theatre. First of all, it is worthy of note that both Ibsen and Echegaray began their literary careers with dramas in which their protagonists were men (an exception must be made in the case of *La cortesana,* written in 1858, of which we shall speak later) and that this interest gradually shifted towards their women characters. The title of "feminist," which Mr. Moses applies to Ibsen at the time

[7] *Haroldo el Normando,* p. 70.

when he was writing *A Doll's House* (1879), *Ghosts* (1881), *Rosmersholm* (1886), and *Hedda Gabler* (1890), is equally applicable to the Spanish dramatist when he was constructing such dramas as *El poder de la impotencia* (1893), *Mariana* (1894), *La duda* (1898), *Silencio de muerte* (1898), and *La desequilibrada* (1903). As with Ibsen, too, his later women are individualists, though never to the extent of being Hedda Gablers or Rebecca Wests. The "wayward woman," a type that he chose as protagonist for his first boyish attempt *La cortesana* (1858), which was admittedly patterned after *La dame aux camelias,* is as important a character in the theatre of Echegaray as in that of the Norwegian dramatist, though the two authors have used the type in very different fashion. Don José has, as we should expect, taken the opportunity to moralize. Nothing, perhaps, shows the contrast between the two dramatists' methods better than the fact that one always puts this type in contrast to the "saintly hero," the other never. Helmer (*A Doll's House*), Tesman (*Hedda Gabler*), Rubek (*When We Dead Awaken*), Captain Alving (*Ghosts*)—not one has given his wife any reason to love him. Pablo (*Como empieza y como acaba,* 1876), Bernardo (*Lo sublime en lo vulgar,* 1888), Eugenio (*Siempre en ridículo,* 1890) are, on the other hand, diamonds in the rough. Too late do their respective wives, Magdalena, Inés, and Teresa, realize the noble qualities of their husbands; like Peer Gynt, they have "failed to recognize their Kaiserdom."

This increased interest in his women characters may be directly traceable to a study of the genre of Ibsen, but more probably it is derived from the general influence of the modern realistic drama. Certainly the feminine characters of the Spaniard show few direct traces of the Northern dramatist's. For all their independence, Mariana (*Mariana,* 1892), Valentina (*A la orilla del mar,* 1893), and Teresina (*La desequilibrada,* 1903) are so far removed from the individualistic heroines of Ibsen that it is hardly possible to think of the former group as related to the latter. Mariana is sister to Hedda Gabler or Rebecca West in one respect only: she enjoys the thought of having absolute power over one man. This independent spirit of Echegaray's women and their position in the home may just as well be due to the freer atmosphere that surrounded the woman of his time, both in drama and in life, as to any direct influence of Ibsen.

The same doubt occurs when one begins to study the use of light effects in the drama of the two men. Both have used light symbolically. It is a curious coincidence that *Catalina* (1850), Ibsen's first boyish attempt, and *El libro talonario* (1874), Echegaray's first drama to be staged, should close with a reconciliation scene symbolized by the dawn, though there could be no question of direct influence here since *Catalina* was not translated into the German until 1896. Also, *Un sol que nace y un sol que muere,* written as early as 1867, though not published until much later, is in the very title, symbolic of two sisters (the one of twenty summers, the other of thirty-six), that go to form two corners of the eternal triangle. This use of light as a symbol was to remain an element in the drama of both men. In as early a drama as *Lo que no puede decirse* (1877), Echegaray, after giving his instructions as to the proper lighting effects, adds:

> These details are important in obtaining the proper effect for the scene, and in the mind of the author they have something of a symbolic character.[8]

Again in such plays as *Dos fanatismos*[9] or the earlier *Para tal culpa tal pena*[10] (written originally in 1867 but not produced until 1877 and then only after two revisions), we have the author's own symbolistic interpretation of his lighting effects. In all these, except *Un sol que nace y un sol que muere,* dates will admit the supposition that Ibsen influenced Echegaray, for the latter could by the date of 1874 have read Ibsen's *Brand* and *The Pretenders* in German, and in both of these light is used as a symbol; but in view of Don José's fondness for theatrical effects with lights and his early use of symbolism in other forms, I hesitate to ascribe this tendency to the influence of the Norwegian.

The effect of reading Ibsen is seen more clearly in Echegaray's interest in the abnormal character. Don José had, as early as 1865 in *Morir por no despertar,* vaguely concerned himself with the close relation of a high strung nature to insanity, and in 1877 had flatly put the question as to whether a man who follows his ideal of "All or nothing" in matters ethical is a madman or a

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[8] *Lo que no puede decirse,* p. 77.
[9] *Dos fanatismos,* p. 95.
[10] *Para tal culpa tal pena,* p. 65.

saint.[11] Matilde (*Mancha que limpia,* 1895) suffers so much that she goes insane and kills Enriqueta. Doubt finally destroys the delicate brain of Amparo (*La duda,* 1898) with her nervous, excitable nature. She, in her turn, slays Leocadia, the personification of doubt. Gabriel (*El loco dios,* 1900) is intended as a study in insanity. Both the plays which Echegaray wrote in the year 1903, *La desequilibrada* and *La escalinata de un trono,* deal with unbalanced characters, though in these it is the power of suggestion for producing insanity that interests the Spaniard. Of all these characters mentioned, however, only two, Lorenzo (*O locura o santidad,* 1877) and Gabriel (*El loco dios,* 1900), can be traced to definite characters in Ibsen's drama.

Various ideas found repeatedly in Ibsen's dramas, as well as certain similarities in characterization, may be found here and there in those of Echegaray. The ennobling power of suffering, which is brought out clearly in *Brand* and *The Emperor and the Galilean,* may be seen in at least five of Echegaray's dramas: *O locura o santidad* (1877), *Un milagro en Egipto* (1883), *El hijo de carne y el hijo de hierro* (1888), *Manantial que no se agota* (1889), and *El loco dios* (1900). It is not a new idea, however, with either and is quite in harmony with the ideas of the century. On the other hand, Ibsen's ideas concerning the "compact majority" and its power to cripple genius as seen in *An Enemy of the People* (translated into German in 1883) seem reflected in *O locura o santidad* (1877), in *El hijo de carne y el hijo de hierro* (1888), and particularly in *El poder de la impotencia* (1893). Rafael, an artist of real power, and Paquita, a noble woman, are both kept from rising by the impotent. Rafael tells Paquita the story of the rat and the angel[12] who started on a journey together:

> both lay down to sleep before a wall which must be scaled next morning if they were to continue their journey. As soon as the angel fell asleep, the rat gnawed its wings so that it could not fly over the wall next morning.

Rafael concludes his symbolical story:

> Now you see that miserable rat was more powerful than the beautiful angel.[13]

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[11] *O locura o santidad.*
[12] *El poder de la impotencia,* pp. 60-61.
[13] *El poder de la impotencia,* pp. 60-61.

Moreover, Muntaner of the second drama mentioned insists with Stockman that genius must stand alone—and is just as little the passive character in maintaining his assertion as Stockman. Let me, too, before discussing the four dramas which seem to show the direct influence of the Norwegian, point out the resemblance of Mohar, the ambitious high priest of Ramses in *Un milagro en Egipto* (1883), to the crafty old Nicholas of Ibsen's *Pretenders.*

When Brand would follow his ideals regardless of the danger involved, the old peasant mutters to himself, "Nay, but his wits are gone astray!" The verse might be taken as the theme of Echegaray's drama, *O locura o santidad.* Lorenzo would carry out the dictates of conscience regardless of the pain caused; the world thinks "his wits gone astray" and shuts him up in the mad-house. For the first time we see in Echegaray's theatre a hero struggling against society in his effort to carry out his high ideals. The conflicts within the hearts of Brand and Lorenzo are much the same: each must choose between abstract duty and the life of his child.

In spite of great differences in the conception of Brand and Lorenzo, they touch at innumerable points: both are as proud as Lucifer; both are immense egoists; both are men who "with sacrilegious ambition would be as perfect as the God of the Heavens."[14] Their views of mankind show similarity; "people without conscience and free will are atoms which today are joined, tomorrow separated.[15] To Lorenzo as to Brand, God is one who demands sacrifice and martyrdom. Like the Norwegian's protagonist, Echegaray's hero would fulfill divine laws without respect to human passions. There are still other characters who recall those of *Brand.* Don Tomás, although he is a far more integral part of the drama, bears a likeness to the practical doctor in *Brand.*[16] The representatives of the law are about as stupid in the one play as in the other. Finally, old Joanna brings to our mind Brand's mother: both women are thoroughly selfish; both have committed their crime for money; both are dying when the action of the story begins; neither the one nor the other can

[14] *O locura o santidad,* p. 5.
[15] *Ibid,* p. 48.
[16] He recalls Dr. Relling of *The Wild Duck,* too.

understand her idealistic son. Such a concurrence of circumstances seems to warrant the opinion that Echegaray's drama has been directly influenced by *Brand,* though the evidence is not conclusive. Echegaray himself tells us that it was inspired by a visit to the insane asylum.

The relation of *Vida alegre y muerte triste* to Ibsen's *Ghosts* is more uncertain, particularly since the Norwegian drama, first staged in 1881, was not translated into German until 1884, about a year before the production of the Spanish play. It may be merely another coincidence that, just four years after Ibsen wrote *Ghosts,* Echegaray should reveal a definite interest in physical deterioration due to the "sowing of wild oats," for the points of similarity are vague. Ricardo, like Captain Alving, has much of the *joie de vivre,* and when the third act opens, we see him paying for his immoral youth by a broken body. Like Oswald, he is "worm eaten"[17] and his brain is "softening."[18] The details of Ricardo's disease are more exactly given than those in *Ghosts.* As Regina and Oswald in their relation bring back ghosts of the past to Mrs. Alving, so Ricardo's past comes back to keep him company when he sees Alviro set for his child, Carmen, the same trap which he had many years before set for Dolores. Finally, *Vida alegre y muerte triste,* like *Ghosts,* closes with the appearance of the sun, which is in both instances used symbolically.

El hijo de Don Juan, through its connection with Ibsen's *Ghosts,* has become one of the best-known of Echegaray's dramas, at least outside of Spain. On the title page, Don José declares it an "original drama in three acts, inspired by the reading of Ibsen's work, entitled *Gengangere.*" With open disdain for the literary brickbats which the critics so generously showered on the play, Echegaray refuses to take up cudgels except for the concluding words of Lazarus: "Mother, give me the sun." "This phrase is Ibsen's, and he has kept it because he considers it one of extraordinary beauty and because it enfolds—a supreme warning to society and to the family circle."[19]

Lorenzo, like Oswald, having been cursed with a libertine for father, is sent away by his mother to France in order to escape

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[17] *Vida alegre y muerte triste,* "la carcoma," p. 42.
[18] *Ibid,* "se blandea," p. 42.
[19] *Two words by way of Prologue* to *the Son of Don Juan,* ed. Graham.

the immoral influence of his parent. Returning a young man, he gradually begins to suspect that on him the sins of his father are to be visited, and he seeks a famous doctor to find out the truth. He is told, as Oswald was, that his father's "wild-oats" will cause his fate to be either madness or idiocy. The last act proves the predictions of the doctor true, and Lorenzo, in the embraces of his mother, asks over and over for the sun. In its broad outlines, then, Echegaray's drama is identical with *Ghosts* in plot. While the cast of characters shows important changes, particularly in that the father of Lorenzo is still living and in that poor little consumptive Carmen supplies the love story which is never lacking in Echegaray's theatre, it is the attitude of the two writers toward their characters that draws the line of division between the two plays. Echegaray has not caught the spirit of the Norwegian original. As Bernard Shaw expresses it, "The story has been taken . . . back to old ground morally."[20] Don José has laid the whole blame for the terrible tragedy squarely on the shoulders of Don Juan. It was immaterial to Ibsen whether such a character as Captain Alving paid for his sins or not. Echegaray saw to it that an avenging Nemesis overtook Don Juan in this world, even as Tirso de Molina had seen to it that his Don Juan paid the penalty for his irreverence. Echegaray saw in *Ghosts* "a cruel lesson, a supreme warning to society and to the family circle." That to him was the significance of Oswald's final words. Ibsen had laid much of the blame on the narrow environment which society offered individuals of the type of Captain Alving. The absence of a Mrs. Alving and of a Pastor Manders in the Spanish play is as significant as the presence of the father. Dolores is only a very pale copy of Mrs. Alving, and her responsibility as mother is only dimly and indirectly suggested by her conversation with the doctor. Thus the incisive questions in *Ghosts* concerning a conventional morality are wanting. There is no satire on social hypocrisy in *El hijo de Don Juan;* there is no method suggested for social regeneration; there is no question of divorce. As a good Catholic, Echegaray may not have cared to discuss this last, perhaps, but he could have emphasized the crime of the father in allowing Dolores to marry such a libertine as Don Juan was, or even that of Dolores herself in giving consent to

[20]Bernard Shaw, *Dramatic Opinions and Essays,* Brentano, Vol. I, p. 86.

such a marriage. But Echegaray has concerned himself with the one idea only: the sins of the father descend unto the third and fourth generations. And to prevent future Don Juans, he shows just how terrible the results may be. Don José is first and last the moralist.

El loco dios (1900) shows clearly that Echegaray had read *The Emperor and the Galilean* (1873). So far as the plot is concerned, however, there is no similarity of detail. Gabriel, like Julian, gradually persuades himself that he is the supreme God, but whereas one is a "rod of chastisement" for whose soul the world must answer, the other is nothing more nor less than a pathological study in insanity. Indeed, after reading *The Emperor and the Galilean* with its noble epic sweep, its "rich, purple patches," the reader can heartily sympathize with Fitzmaurice-Kelly's declaration[21] that *El loco dios* might be taken as "an unconscious parody on the part of Echegaray," and he cannot but marvel that the Spaniard so wholly missed the spirit of this great "world-drama" as to be content with the development of a minor theme.

Even though the deep, mystical philosophy is lacking, some of the same ideas that occur in Ibsen's drama are to be found in *El loco dios*. Just as Julian was come to establish the Third Kingdom where soul and flesh were to be perfectly merged, so Gabriel considers himself called to purify the world. That the idea is a borrowed one seems all the more certain when one recalls the fact that Echegaray's attitude toward his character is distinctly uncomplimentary (to the Spaniard he is merely an interesting lunatic!) and that this is the only play in which this idea of a "calling" is brought out. Even Servet in *La muerte en los labios* (1880) does not feel himself "called" to his mission.

Gabriel's views of the "imperfect man" also bear a close resemblance to those of Julian concerning the Third Kingdom. To Ibsen, humanity was still in its adolescence. "When the youth fades into the man" and the "soul and flesh elements are in perfect harmony", then will the Third Kingdom have come. Compare with these Gabriel's words that "man is not wholly bad and selfish"; he is not fundamentally mean, he is "imperfect", "incomplete":

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[21] *Britannica*, article on José Echegaray.

> If you break a beautiful jar, will each fragment of itself be beautiful? No, it will be formless, absurd, ridiculous. . . And why? Because each piece is incomplete. It is the same artistic jar, but incomplete . . .
>
> If along the sea shore, ponds of water form in the depressions, muddy ponds, why? Because they are naturally muddy? No! Because they are dispersed; because the crystals of water are broken; because each pond is an 'incomplete river.' Unite them; give them abundant water; give them a bed; give them a current, and they will soon be the blue, sparkling stream, the joy of the valley, the delight of the banks, the mirror of the sky.[22]

Man is still in the mud-pond stage!

Whether Echegaray accepted this merely as an interesting intellectual idea or whether it struck root in his own heart, I cannot say. It does not occur again, although the optimistic view of humanity that underlies it all is expressed in two of Echegaray's early plays, and here it is fairly evident that Don José is speaking. It was only as an old man that Ibsen came to reconcile himself to the clay in man, to realize that though "man is a creature of Earth" there is after all "something of the sky and the heavens, too," in his makeup.[23] But Echegaray with his happy, temperate nature reached the same conclusion many years before. Pedro, cynic that he is, assures Benigno, nevertheless, that "every man is composed of portions two: one that would mount to the heavens, the other that is of the earth earthy."[24] The same idea occurs in *Mancha que limpia* (1895)[25] when Don José tells Matilde that man is neither good nor bad, but a mixture of "infected clay" (*barro infecto*) and "snatches of the blue sky" (*girones de cielo azul*)—a view that Bret Harte, Riley, and others have popularized in America and that Benavente has used to advantage in *Los intereses creados*.[26]

And finally, both worship beauty. Ibsen's protagonist would escape the fearful and oppressive "Thou shalt not" of the Christians by turning to the old Greek ideal of beauty and happiness;

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[22] *El loco dios*, p. 73.
[23] *Little Eyolf*, p. 136.
[24] *Piensa mal y ¿acertarás?* pp 59, 60.
[25] *Mancha que limpia*, p. 22.
[26] Crispin's words, *Los intereses creados*, Nelson and Sons Edit., p. 57.

he would restore "the fallen world of beauty." Gabriel, too, worships the beautiful, though to him "truth is beauty, beauty truth." He declares:

> But there are very beautiful lies, very sublime ones! And there are very sad truths, very mournful ones. If you notice, you will find that humanity has progressed more by force of great lies than by small truths. Also, the fact is that a lie, if it is, as I said before, very beautiful, very great, behold it becomes the truth—what a divine transformation! And a truth, if it is low, mean, ugly, by an art that is magic becomes a lie.[27]

I can find only one instance where the dialogue of Ibsen has unquestionably been appropriated. Julian is communing with the spirit of Cain:

> Julian: Why didst thou sin?
> The Voice: Why was I myself?
> Julian: And what didst thou will, being thyself?
> The Voice: What I must.
> Julian: And wherefore must thou?
> The Voice: I was myself.[28]

Gabriel says over and over:

> I am what I am . . . what I was, what I am, what I shall be.[29]

When Fuensanta playfully tells Gabriel that he is not good, the latter answers:

> Good is another thing! I am neither good, nor am I bad. I am; I am.[30]

If there are many other places in the play where the dialogue brings to us echoes of that from Ibsen's drama, it is difficult nevertheless to find the exact sources in any instance.

This is usually true of Echegaray's work. He read broadly, but apparently without attempting to retain more than the general thought, as is shown by the rareness of direct quotations. Consequently, his reading fused into a mass and became so thoroughly

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[27] *El loco dios*, p. 29.
[28] *Emperor and Galilean*, p. 83.
[29] *El loco dios*, p. 86
[30] *Ibid*, p. 84.

his own that it is extremely difficult to say with any degree of assurance that Echegaray had read this or that, especially since he was primarily a teacher and moralist and for the most part selected only those ideas which would fit into this kindly, didactic outlook on life. Armed with his idea, Echegaray seems to have chosen with scientific precision the episodes and characters necessary to bring about an explosion which would serve as a Q. E. D. to the moral theorem he had chosen to prove.

The exact measure of success that should be meted out to such a *modus operandi* is as yet somewhat doubtful. Statements such as those of Miss Hunt[31] or Mr. Graham[32] prove the dangers of superlatives. Today it would be impossible to find a critic who would grant that Echegaray is "the greatest dramatist that Spain has produced for two hundred years" or that Lope de Vega and Calderón will "find the place nearest to them occupied by José Echegaray."

Neither is it within the scope of this article to give an accurate appraisal of the work of the Spaniard. However, it is only fair to point out the element of injustice that is inherent in any comparison of a dramatist such as Echegaray with Ibsen. The latter was during the last years of his life "the dominating personality of the literature of both Europe and America,"[33] and today his theatre remains the best example of the drama of ideas. To get any evaluation of the works of the Spaniard, his drama should be compared with what was being written in England, France, Italy, and Germany from 1874 to 1884. During the last year of that decade, Henry Arthur Jones shocked England with his *Saints and Sinners*. Previous to that date, English play-goers had contented themselves with the comedies of Robertson. In France, Augier had practically ceased to write by 1870; Dumas fils and Sardou held the stage. Italians had heard only sentimental melodrama from Giaccosa before 1880, and it was not until 1888 that any of his important dramas appeared. D'Annunzio had not yet entered the field. Sudermann and Hauptmann were not to make any contributions to the stage until 1890. Yet by 1881 Echegaray had written both *O locura o santidad* and *El gran*

[31]Introduction to Hannah Lynch's translation of *El gran galeoto*.
[32]Introduction to Graham's translation of *El hijo de Don Juan*.
[33]Brandes, *Century Magazine*, February 1917, pp. 539-546.

galeoto, dramas that certainly, from the standpoint of technique, bear comparison with anything written during that decade. And in my opinion the former (though not so well known to English readers as the second mentioned) is a little masterpiece of characterization which represents a real contribution to the European stage of the nineteenth century. At least, they both entitle Don José to the double honor of being the first tragic writer of Spain to seek to combine the play of ideas with that of intrigue and the first to put his protagonist in sharp conflict with a conventional society that would swallow up the individual. And this last, I doubt not, represents a real borrowing from the "grand old man of the north."

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PURITAN PARADOXES

I

A Prayer for Less Zeal

From such preoccupation with the meaning of life that I cannot see the sunset colors from the bridge; from such enthusiasm for a wiser view of life that I cannot stop discussion for the soothing and the occasional deep delight of music; from such eagerness to get at fundamentals that I must vainly grieve him who cannot understand; from such single-minded consecration that I have no time to learn from men of little thought, and children; from such assurance in the faith that I sneer at the materialist; from such courage of conviction that I override another's doubts; from such independence in my judgment that I ignore another's heart; from such joy in love that I aggravate another's loneliness; from all the sins of struggling intellect, the sins of buoyant faith, the sins of a joyous heart, I'm afraid you can't deliver me, O God. Nor are my sins mere virtues in excess. Give me if I am able to receive, give me, O Instructable, a more potent sense of humor.

II

The Flexible Inevitable

A very little child shall lead them—each in his own movable cage.

Some days before my thirteen months' old daughter had fully learned to raise herself from the mound she made on hands and knees to a straddling vertical, we borrowed for her a folding pen. (It was not on casters.) That restricted her perambulations but also gave her several times the adventuring space furnished by her basket.

Once or twice she overturned and collapsed her cage by leaning against its sides when it had been pushed and knocked into narrowness. But she did not, naturally, escape that way.

Sometimes she sat passive in the center; and sometimes, though not often, she seemed to fret at her confinement. Yet, though I watched more than was consistent with accomplishing the tasks I'd set myself, I never caught her trying to crawl or cast herself betwixt the close-set bars.

But the other afternoon she discovered a none the less delightful because restricted freedom. She leaned against the junction of two sections of her cage, and found the cribbing framework moving with her. She took another step. And still she was not stopped, although she was impeded. Holding to the upper rails, she continued leaning, and took another step. She persevered in pushing even when nearly stuck. And soon to my amusement and elation and her infantine rapture she had squeezed between two bookcases and a narrow door and was in the other room, inclosing cage and all.

I at once remembered and have since been recalling what a dear, wise friend of mine replied last summer to my astute remark that one of the greatest things in life is drawing the supremely nice distinction between what can be cured and must therefore not be suffered, and the sure inevitable.

III

Putting the Worst Foot Forward

I wish one of the fluent devotees of progress would undertake to show me in what mysterious way a person or a nation gets ahead by invariably putting its best foot forward. As I try to figure the conception, that method seems effective chiefly for a statue. The posture, not to say imposture, is admittedly successful in striking uncritical awe in the beholder.

But I should think some progressive who really wanted motion might recommend the advancing at regular intervals of the worst foot. Manifestly the frequent exposure of the less creditable division of our natures and lives would make for spiritual changes apparently beneficial.

Who could look with disdain upon the flat foot of his neighbor if his own shriveled member were exposed to view? Might not the sneer be transmuted into a tender smile of pity when the Byron with club foot looked upon the Scott with powerless leg? Would not even the man whose only weakness was a curse of inflamed corns be reluctant to use that foot to spurn the man whose leg was wooden?

If we all had the habit of alternating our best and worst feet, might not the discovery be made that we all deserve each other's pity? And should we not develop that humorous awareness of the

balance of negatives and positives in life that makes for mutual consideration? Surely we should understand each other better. And we might conclude that after all we had been foolish to unite in the grand mutual and coöperative humbug.

To be sure, there would be no more unsullied honor. Stainless reputations could no more be flaunted. And that monstrosity, the man in whom none can find a fault, would recede to join the eohippus. But if we could all advance beyond the zone of essentially prehistoric morals by putting the worst foot forward half the time, I suppose there would be few protests.

The difficulty is that the plan requires unanimous adoption, without reservations. The crushing reply to such a proposal would inevitably be, "We must dissimulate our weaknesses and errors lest the unscrupulous take advantage." Original sin, not in ourselves but in all the rest, is the unfailing reason why our progress must be pretense. Genuineness would, alas, be certain to be misunderstood.

Yes, but why not let it?

IV

The Intellectual Man's Preference for an Unreasonable Mate

I don't mean an unintelligent mate or an irrational one. Yet I must allow that if you judged by their actual selection you might suppose that many dealers in ideas had even that perversity. I hope to make appear just what I do quite earnestly allege.

A keen-witted young lady who has just been discussing with a rarely open mind my not wanting to subscribe to the Y. W. C. A., remarked toward the close of our long conversation that I was just like the average man; I liked 'em unreasonable.

That brings back to mind the forceful, middle-aged history-teaching woman who used to converse belligerently on political, social, and moral themes at a boarding house table years ago. Her sense of life's absurdity quite accountably flared up with brightest flame when she conjured up the wives the college campus shielded. The professors, she affirmed, demanded from their homes naught but food and supine admiration.

I never flatly contradicted her; nor do I mean that she was altogether in the wrong. But I felt for her a pity that if disclosed would have made her spleen explode. Just as I understood her

life-long craving for a mate worthy of her steel, so I quite distinctly comprehended why the man she could respect could not take her to his arms.

She was feminine enough, take her quantitatively. She only partly overcame the tendency to think entirely with her heart. And she was not too coldly scrupulous to employ whatever wry wiles had lasted. But, alas, she had trained herself with terrible success to find a tremendous reason for her bias. She would have indignantly denied that she was coquettish.

If I had known her as a child I don't claim I could have helped her, even if I'd dared. She had grim faith in calculation. She would have classified her feelings in one's arms. No. That's the way she made one feel. But I don't suppose she would.

She wasn't too reasonable. And thinking men don't precisely choose unreasonable mates. What we, most unreasonably, demand is a primordial force not too much inhibited, that shall release a magic we should hate ourselves and life if we could perfectly explain. We must be able to get back, at home, to the smouldering, fragrant fire that in our speculative hours we have extinguished with a name. If the price is hot and sometimes singeing perversity, we pay.

If our mates can honestly confirm the findings of our question-raising hours, we must rejoice. But we can't help requiring that our retirement with them shall remain, like them, an everlasting mystery.

Thus does the ineradicable religiousness of man make him cruel to the woman who learns too well of him.

V

Frost Etchings

In other Novembers I have seen frost-etchings on the lawn. On the green campus where the frost had earlier strewn the birch's ruined leaves it engraved a transitory recompense. The design in sparkling white of sturdy trunk, firm limbs, and graceful, dangling branches, perfectly distinct yet daintily united, gave me a joy that lasted through the day. The glory and the grace of that tree form was after that more palpable to me. I had perceived it with my heart in the evanescent crusting of the shadow. The sun

had etched the tree upon my consciousness, as well as in the frost, before it decomposed the embodied image to a vapor.

This November it was the frosted imprint of a fir tree that caught my eye. The sun was nearing the meridian of its winter arc. The frost around the image had thawed hours before. And now the dull, dark shadow of the somber tree ran athwart and considerably beyond the silvery etching. The sun had shaped the figure; now it spread a stain upon it. Soon it would insidiously, by infinitesimal filchings, bear it all away. The great, deft artificer! The indifferent confounder! The cruel remover! Yet it was the sun. It was rising to a noon-day brightness. And it would come again to keep the tree alive, to etch another revealing, vigor-renewing, joy-diffusing incarnation of a lovely shade.

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HAS GREEK DRAMA A MESSAGE FOR TODAY?

A Further Study in Aristotle's Canons of Tragedy

"When the new prophet comes," Dean Inge has recently written,[1] "I am disposed to think he will choose to speak to his generation neither from the pulpit nor from the platform nor from the printed page; but from the stage. A great dramatist might help us to find our souls."

Has Greek drama a message for today? Can Aeschylus or Sophocles help us to find our souls? The purpose of tragedy, according to Aristotle, is a katharsis of our emotions; a purification from the harmful elements in pity and fear; a release for pent-up emotions which, finding no outlet, may destroy our harmony with the cosmic principle of Being, and sever our union with the Absolute. The meaning of katharsis was examined in a study in Aristotle's Canons of Tragedy recently published in these pages,[2] and the question was then raised whether these canons are equally applicable to classical and to romantic drama. In order to meet this question it is necessary not only to examine the purpose of tragedy as defined in the *Poetics* but also to consider the internal structure of the tragic drama as Aristotle outlines it.

The first requirement of tragedy, we read in the famous definition in the sixth chapter of the Poetics, is unity of action, the backbone of structure (to quote Dr. Durant), and the focus of style. "Unity in Aristotle," says Butcher, "is the principle of limit, without which an object loses itself in the *ἄπειρον*, the region of the undefined, the indeterminate, the accidental. By means of unity, the plot becomes individual and intelligible. The greater the unity, the more perfect will it be as a concrete and individual thing; at the same time it will gain in universality and typical quality." The unity of action must be an organic unity, an inward principle which binds the integral parts into the whole. In other words, the plot must not be episodic, nor attempt to contain incidents extraneous to the central theme. Aristotle cites Homer's aesthetic sense in omitting from the *Odyssey* Odysseus' encounter with the boar on Mt. Parnassus and his feigned madness at the time of the

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[1] *Lay Thoughts of a Dean.*

[2] *Vide* "The Meaning of Katharsis" in the *Sewanee Review*, July-September, 1926, pp. 278-290.

mustering of the troops. A succession of stirring scenes does not make a tragedy, a truth Euripides sometimes forgot in his enthusiasm for striking situations.

Unity of action necessitates a well-defined beginning, a completely articulated middle, and a conclusive end. A beginning, says Aristotle, is that which does not follow any causal necessity; an end is that which naturally follows some other things but has nothing following it. And a middle is that which comes between the two. A Greek drama begins thus, in *medias res,* and often resembles the concluding acts of a modern play.

Moreover, a certain magnitude is indispensable for the evolution of a unified dramatic whole. The proper magnitude Aristotle defines as comprised within such limits that the sequence of events, according to the law of probability or necessity, will admit of a change from bad fortune to good, or from good fortune to bad, within the limits of the drama. This rule holds good whether the plot is of the simple type, ἁπλῆ πρᾶξις where the action proceeds on undeviating lines from start to finish; or the complex, πεπλεγμένη πρᾶξις which Aristotle prefers as intensifying the tragic emotions. In the latter the catastrophe is worked out by the surprises of Recognition, ἀναγνώρισις and Reversal of the Situation περιπέτεια. These surprises, however, being themselves woven into the tissue of the plot, must, in every case, arise out of the plot itself, not by recourse to a *deus ex machina.*

These principles we see completely illustrated in what Aristotle considered the most nearly perfect tragedy, the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. There the action commences at a point which in a modern play might easily be the beginning of the third act. The dramatic climax is reached in the inevitable rush of events in an amazingly short time. Tragic irony is intensified as in all classical drama, by the fact that the story is already known to the audience. Fascinated, we watch the hero hastening towards the edge of the precipice. We hear him unwittingly call down upon himself the wrath of the gods, and insist on laying bare those facts which conspire to work his doom. The ancient dramatist plays with his cards upon the table. Recognition and reversal occur simultaneously, and only when the outraged gods are appeased by the death of Jocasta and the fearful humbling of Oedipus, is harmony restored, peace follows storm, terror and pity are allayed by the

climax of the very plot which has excited them; and to quote Symonds, "grief itself becomes a chariot for surmounting grief."

To the other so-called dramatic unities, I have already alluded. In practice, Aristotle remarks, the Greek tragic poets of his own day (seventy years after the death of Euripides), try to confine the action within certain limits of time, i.e., within a period of one apparent revolution of the sun. This limit is observed in *Oedipus Tyrannus;* in the *Agamemnon,* on the other hand, days, if not weeks, must elapse between the lighting of the signal fires at the opening of the play and the arrival of the home-coming army. As I have said, Aristotle nowhere even mentions unity of place. Unity of place may have been customary, although it was by no means the rule. In point of fact, both unity of time and unity of place were suitable, and so far as we can tell, usual in Greek drama. The very presence of the chorus, standing patiently in the same place from their first entrance to the end of the play, suggests to the spectator limited time, and limited space. Be that as it may, the only unity which can be rightly considered one of Aristotle's Canons of Tragedy is that of action.

II

Since the purpose of tragedy is to produce in the spectators pity and fear, pity being felt for a person who, if not wholly innocent yet suffers beyond his deserts; and fear awakened when the sufferer is a man of like nature with ourselves; it follows that the characters chosen as suitable protagonists must be such as would in action incite these emotions. In this regard, says Aristotle, "the change of fortune presented must not be the spectacle of a virtuous man brought from prosperity to adversity: for this moves to neither pity nor fear; it merely shocks us. Nor again, that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity: for nothing can be more alien to the spirit of tragedy; it possesses no single tragic quality; it neither satisfies the moral sense nor calls forth pity or fear. Nor, again, should the downfall of the utter villain be exhibited. A plot of this kind would, doubtless, satisfy the moral sense, but it would inspire neither pity nor fear; for pity is aroused by unmerited misfortune, fear by the misfortune of a man like ourselves. . . . There remains then the character between these two extremes,—that of a man who is not eminently good and just, yet whose misfortune is brought about not by vice

and depravity, but by some error or frailty. He must be one who is highly renowned and prosperous, a personage like Oedipus or Thyestes, or other illustrious men of such families." Thus Aristotle excludes as suitable tragic heroes the blameless character—he does not reconcile this with Sophocles' *Antigone*—and the villain, and likewise rules out the change of fortune that allows the hero to live happily ever after. To effect tragic katharsis reversal of fortune must result from some fault or defect of character. The characters of men constitute their fatality. Tragedy in its pure idea shows us a mortal will engaged in an unequal struggle with destiny, this inequality arising from the imperfection, the ἁμαρτία which wrecks a man's life. The word ἁμαρτία admits various shades of meaning. It implies ignorance, error in judgment, haste and carelessness, as well as moral fault and defect of character. Its original meaning is "missing the mark." In the New Testament it is translated "sin." Professor Lane Cooper represents it as "blindness of heart."

Oedipus seems to be Aristotle's ideal tragic hero. Let us trace then, if we can, the fatality in his character. Hasty, impulsive, proudly self-assertive, was he through moral ἁμαρτία responsible for his own ruin? Aristotle's answer is (in Butcher's words), a single great error, a single great defect in a character otherwise noble, each and all of these may carry with them the tragic issues of life and death. And this ἁμαρτία, this unwarrantable self-confidence, this ὕβρις can be traced as characteristic of the whole house of Labdacus. Hence their inevitable fall. Laius—(I am quoting Symonds)—was warned that his son would kill him; instead of heeding the oracle, he begat a son, and then in his presumptuous disregard for heaven, abandoned him on Cithaeron, thinking that the gods would not intervene and save him. Oedipus in his turn disregards the warnings of Apollo; on his very return from the Delphic shrine, knowing that his birth is veiled in mystery, he kills the first man that he meets upon the road, and marries the first woman who presents herself. On and on, throughout their course, the ill-fated members of this house consult the oracle, and then are satisfied to take their affairs into their own hands, flaunting Phoebus himself. It is the same ruthless, overweening self-confidence, that throughout Greek tragedy brings its inevitable nemesis, and arouses in the trembling spectators vicarious pity that turns from self-pity into fear, lest this same

ὕβρις, wanton insolence, or what the Old Testament would call "stiffneckedness" and Christian theologians "pride," bring upon them also its inescapable doom.

We have no time to examine in detail the various means Aristotle prescribes for producing the proper kind of katharsis, whether by spectacular means or by means inherent in the play—for example, through the necessity of causing tragic actions to occur within the family or between friends, Medea slaying her own children; or through the various kinds of recognition and reversal of which Aristotle cites six. Nor have we time to discuss the importance of having the chorus an integral part of the drama.

III

One essential matter, however, remains for our consideration, and that is the relation between plot and character. Of the six elements into which Aristotle analyses a tragedy, plot, μῦθος, holds first place. Next in order he places ἦθος and διάνοια. The plot is the first principle, or the soul of the tragedy. It is the action which we have already seen that is the inward process working itself out. It is the pivot around which the other elements in the drama move. The ἦθος and the διάνοια which take secondary place to action, are perhaps best translated as the moral and intellectual elements in the drama. Together they may be expressed as character. Though in real life action originates in character, that is, in the combination of the moral and the intellectual elements in man, yet in drama Aristotle subordinates them to the action or plot.

"Tragedy," he says, "is an imitation not of men, but of an action and of life, and life consists in action, and its end is a mode of action, not a quality. Now character determines men's qualities, but it is by their actions that they are made happy or the reverse. Dramatic action, therefore, is not with a view to the representation of character: character comes in as a subsidiary to the action. Hence the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all. Again, without action there cannot be a tragedy; there may be without character." In other words, the dramatic conflict is the animating principle, the soul of the tragedy. Plot does not overpower character. It is rather the medium through which character is discerned. In *Oedipus Tyran-*

nus Oedipus himself could be taken out of the play, and still the drama would remain; *Hamlet,* however, is nothing without the Prince of Denmark. The modern dramatist begins with character; his agents in the piece themselves evolve out of their characters the plot. Hegel holds that in drama whatever happens should have its source solely in the characters of the play. With the classical dramatist the procedure is reversed. From his restricted range of suitable plots, he chooses one suitable for his purpose, one already well known and in its details completely defined. Into this he fits his agents, shaping their characters to suit the conditions of his actions.

But something far more fundamental than the mere accident of the choice of plot is responsible for this fundamental difference between classical drama and modern, romantic, or if you will, Faustian tragedy. "Greek tragedy dramatizes," says Butcher, "not the mere story of human calamities, but the play of great principles, the struggle between contending moral forces. The heroes are themselves the concrete embodiment of these forces. . . . The modern drama introduces us into another world of poetic emotion. A richer and more varied inner life is opened up. The sense of personality is deepened." "Sophocles," says Symonds, "depicts destinies; Shakespeare, characters." There is, in the strictly classical sense, no katharsis in romantic drama. The Faustian spirit, unlike the Apollonian, does not seek through purgation to attain settled calm and harmony. Eager to explore the unknown, restless for the infinite, it fares forth alone to pursue its desire, through heaven and hell, the flight of the alone to the alone.

"In classical art," and here I am quoting, "there, is theoretically at least, a perfect balance between content or spirit and form or matter. In romantic art, spirit predominates over matter and seeks ever more and more to free itself from the limitations of matter and form and find play for itself within its own realm, the realm of the spirit. It is subjective, and transcendent. In Greek tragedy the conflict is of right with right, so that righteousness always triumphs even in the death of its champions. In modern tragedy the conflict is between individual wills, rather than between universal forces. The universal and eternal forces are present in modern tragedy, but they are individualized; there is an

increasing subjectivity because there is an increased self-consciousness."

In Galsworthy's *Little Dream,* an allegory of the Faustian quest, Seelchen, after her conflict between the call of the wild and the call of the city, the call of the Cow Horn and the call of the Wine Horn, at last sets her face towards the Great Unknown. Turning toward the glowing peak of the Great Horn she cries

Great One! I come!

And the Great Horn answers:

Wandering flame, thou restless fever
  Burning all things, regretting none;
The winds of fate are stilled for ever—
  Thy little generous life is done,
And all its wistful wonderings cease!
  Thou traveller to the tideless sea,
Where light and dark, and change and peace,
  Are One—Come, little soul, to Mystery!

The restoration of cosmic harmony through the action of an avenging nemesis that punishes the fault, the blindness, the insolence of the erring hero, is, as we have already seen, the end of Apollonian or Greek tragedy. Through tragic katharsis, the spectator, having universalized his emotions and merged his own being into that of the characters of the drama, partakes in this restoration and departs from the theatre in perfect harmony with gods and men, thereby attaining to the Hellenic ideal of the highest good. "The classical work of art bore always upon it the stamp of an eternal, blissful, undisturbed, immortal repose, and calm;" says W. T. Stace in his *Philosophy of Hegel,* "romantic art, on the contrary, tends to depict conflict, action, movement." The reconciliation of the torn soul through the loving mediation of the Incarnation, is, on the other hand, the subject of romantic drama. The Faustian nemesis is the Hound of Heaven.

Halts by me that footfall:
  Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
  'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
  I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'

In the very strength and triumph, however, of romantic art lies also its danger. Where Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe and many of the moderns have reached the higher forms of art, where, ac-

cording to Hegel, spirit predominates over matter (i.e., romantic art, or as he terms it, the art of Christendom), too many of the moderns have become lost in the bogs of indefiniteness and generality and in their insistence on the absolute freedom and infinitude of the spirit, have given us a question mark rather than a message. This is true, perhaps necessarily so, of many if not of most, of the plays dealing with the social problems of the day. Shaw, for example, closes his *Plays for Puritans* with sardonic laughter. In *The Silver Box,* in *Strife* and *Justice,* Galsworthy sets forth his problem, and at the end of the play, places a question mark. No ray of light, no moral of the chorus, lifts the gloom of a grinding tragedy such as Eugene O'Neill's *Ile.* On the other hand, there is an ethical inconsistency in the solution of Susan Glaspell's *Trifles* which, while as romantic in its flavor as it is truly unclassical, is nevertheless satisfactory.

The final triumph of the idol in Dunsany's *Night at an Inn,* however, is thoroughly Greek. "I did not foresee it," murmurs the Toff as he follows the idol into the gloom of the moor, and thereby acknowledges a just nemesis overtaking his insolence. It is in another of Lord's Dunsany's plays, nevertheless, that the Greek perfection of form and the modern freedom of spirit is more excellently combined. In *King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior,* the unities of action, time, and place are observed; the hero is all that Aristotle prescribes, a man "not eminently good and just, yet whose misfortune is brought about not by vice and depravity, but by error and frailty," a man erstwhile "highly renowned and prosperous." As we discover King Argimenes, a slave in the slave-fields of King Darniak, "bowed, ragged and dirty, gnawing a bone," he enlists our pity and incites vicarious fear. The classic means for effecting tragic katharsis, discovery, and peripety, are employed with thrilling effect—the finding of the sword of the unknown warrior by Argimenes following the unconscious prediction of the slave Zarb; the overthrow of Illuriel, the god of Darniak, as Darniak had overthrown the god of Argimenes three years before; and the final triumph of Argimenes and the slaves over the tyrant and his soldiers. And then comes the touch of the romantic mode. A temple shall be raised to the *Unknown Warrior,* and he shall be the god of the slaves and of the oppressed; Argimenes, seated on the throne of Darniak, has triumphed not only over his enemies, but over the ethics of his day.

But at this point a servant rushes into the royal presence. The king's dog is dead, the great dog on whose bones the slaves, now triumphant, had erstwhile hoped to feast.

> "King Argimenes and His Men (savagely and hungrily): Bones!
>
> "King Argimenes (remembering suddenly what has happened and where he is): Let him be buried with the late King.

But Zarb, the slave born of slaves, protests—"Majesty!" he urges, and the play closes.

Inconsistency, being of the essence of infinity, is likewise the essence of the romantic mode. But with inconsistency there is also coupled, characteristically, a failure to give just and due balance; an inability or unwillingness to see things in their entirety. Is there among our modern dramatists a single one of whom Matthew Arnold might write, as he wrote of Sophocles,

> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole?

Alexander Harvey in his essay on Sophocles says: "The aim of Greek tragedy—the point must never be overlooked— is the elucidation of life precisely as the purpose of modern man is the discovery of law." Herein lies the strength of those whose mind is that of the Delphian Apollo; and herein lies the weakness and danger of the modern spirit. For the modern motto seems to run, "Let there be no life in the large." The quest is for laws, biological and others, and there is little attempt to look at life as a whole. How Plato and Aristotle, Sophocles and Euripides would have laughed at the spectacle of our specialists engaged solemnly on parts of life and neither knowing nor thinking of their own lives and destinies and their relation to God's total scheme of things. What fun Aristophanes would have had with Ford and Edison and the other giants of our specialized civilization!

Our age is accused of moral confusion. But our confusion is not so much moral as intellectual. Moral turgidity proceeds from lack of clear thinking. Is not this intellectual confusion from which we are suffering due to the fact that we do not look at life as a whole and that therefore we have no definite philosophy of life, and hence no well defined goal for all our effort? This is the charge that is brought against us by an Anglican missionary in China in his suggestive book *Where Is Christ?* "Human so-

ciety," he says, "has lost its way; we do not know where we are going. Society has been compared to a rider on a runaway horse, named Civilization; we are all inordinately proud of the strength of our steed, and of his ever-increasing speed. But what is the good of speed if it has no goal, and if all peace is lost in the progress?"

The component parts of our existence can not be understood except in terms of the whole of life. May not the study of Greek drama result in a katharsis of our emotions not only of pity and of fear, but of restlessness and concern for the unimportant, of absorption in the immediate and neglect of the universal?

What the modern age needs is the marriage of the romantic and the classical spirit. As moderns we are committed to the Faustian quest, but lest the adventure end in disaster and disillusionment, let us call to our aid the discipline of the Hellenic mind.

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JOAN OF ARC IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

"What is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?"

This question, voiced by Thomas De Quincey three-quarters of a century ago, has been variously answered by the historians and the essayists, the novelists and the poets of both the old world and the new. The complete Joan of Arc bibliography already runs into thousands of titles, and the interest in this most remarkable of all human beings seems to grow rather than to diminish. At a moment exactly five hundred years after the time when she first began to hear the voices bringing her divine commission, it seems not inappropriate to inquire how the Maid of Orleans has fared at the hands of those English and American writers whose forefathers cursed her as a witch and burned her as a heretic.

First of all, however, it may be well to remind ourselves of the salient facts in the life of that peasant girl who, be it remembered, never passed out of her teens, but who in the little more than twelve months of her active career won military victories worthy of a Napoleon and achieved diplomatic triumphs worthy of a Metternich. Joan of Arc was born at Domremy in the valley of the Meuse in the year 1412. When she was about thirteen she began to see visions of the Archangel Michael, of St. Margaret and St. Catherine, by whom she was bidden to save France from the English, who then threatened to overrun the entire country. In January, 1429, she went to the neighboring fortress of Vaucouleurs, and was sent by the commander, Baudricourt, to the court of Charles VII at Chinon. Having convinced the Dauphin of her divinely appointed mission, and having passed various examinations as to her religious orthodoxy, she was placed in command of a small army, with which she marched to the relief of Orléans. There followed the whirlwind campaign of the Loire, with victories at Jargeau, Meung, and Patay. The Maid then conducted Charles to Rheims, where, on July 17, 1429, he was duly crowned

and consecrated King of France. During the next ten months Joan fought the enemy—with varying success—whenever she was allowed to do so, until in May, 1430, she was captured by the Burgundians at Compiègne. The English bought her from her captors and turned her over to the Church to be punished. After a long and unfair trial Joan was condemned to death as witch and heretic, was forced to recant, and when she repudiated her recantation, was burned at the stake in Rouen on May 30, 1431, she being then nineteen years of age. Twenty-five years later her case was reopened and all matters connected with the proceedings, the sentence, and the execution were declared "null, invalid, and void." In 1920, nearly five hundred years after her death, she was canonized by the Church of Rome, and she is now the official patron saint of France.

Having thus recalled the chief historical facts concerning Joan, let us trace her successive appearances in the pages of English literature. She is first presented to us by no less a person than William Shakespeare—if we are prepared to admit that Shakespeare really wrote the first part of *King Henry VI*. In the early acts of this chronicle-play Joan is seen as a comely maiden who picks out King Charles from among his courtiers, overcomes him in single combat, relieves Orléans, fails to capture Rouen, but persuades the Duke of Burgundy to desert the English cause. So far, so good. In Act V, however, we have the Maid dealing with fiends, denying her own father, cursing the Duke of York, protesting her virginity, and then, in the hope of escaping punishment, claiming that she is with child. The inconsistency of the portrayal has been explained by the critics in various ways: such as that Shakespease, in revamping an old play, "touched up" the character of *La Pucelle* in the early acts but not in the last one; that the company for which the play was written protested against too favorable a presentation of an enemy of England; that in a patriotic play like this Shakespeare was forced to please the tastes of the 100 per cent Englishmen of his time. Whatever the explanation, and whatever Shakespeare's responsibility—at worst he but followed the authority of his favorite chroniclers, Holinshed and Hall—we find the Joan of the last act of *Henry VI* most crudely and most hatefully portrayed.

The Maid's next important appearance in our literature takes place two hundred years later in a blank-verse epic of ten books,

written by the nineteen-year-old Robert Southey, who was later to be Poet Laureate of England. The poem as a whole is thoroughly uninspired but not altogether uninteresting. Its main defect consists in the fact that it ends with the coronation of Charles, and thus sacrifices the grander half of Joan's story. Next to the Maid, Conrade, the rejected lover of Agnes Sorel, the king's mistress, is the most interesting figure. Joan herself is highly idealized, Southey's conception being at the opposite pole from Shakespeare's.

The cult of the Maid seems to have flourished vigorously at this time among the members of the Lake School, for it was De Quincey who next made her the subject of one of his most eloquent and most characteristic essays. It is not his purpose, he tells us, "to write the history of *La Pucelle,*" but rather to point out the errors that Michelet makes concerning her in his *History of France,* and to see that Joan is done full justice. As a result we have her apotheosis. De Quincey eulogizes her lack of self-interest, sketches briefly the conditions obtaining in France during the days of her childhood, outlines her career of action, and dwells at greater length upon her trial, sufferings, and death. He is not always entirely accurate, but he is always clear, is sometimes humorous, and is frequently eloquent. No finer examples of that rhythmical writing which belongs in the borderland between prose and poetry are anywhere to be found than we have in those fervent opening paragraphs of praise, and those more imaginative final paragraphs in which are pictured the last vision of the martyred girl and of the false bishop who wrought her destruction. Joan's is a dream of her innocent childhood at Domremy; the Bishop of Beauvais dreams of himself as on trial before the world and vainly seeking counsel to defend him. "Alas!" says De Quincey, "the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief; I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domremy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you; yes, bishop, *she*—when heaven and earth are silent."

Some fifty years elapse before Joan again appears in our literary annals, and this time her sponsor is an American. It was in 1896 that there was published in New York *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc,* "by the Sieur Louis de Conte (her page and secretary) freely translated out of the ancient French into modern English from the original unpublished manuscript in the national archives of France by Jean François Alden." Few people can have been deceived by this elaborate bit of pretense, for it was an open secret that the author was Mark Twain. He had always revelled in chronicles about Joan, and to him writing an historical romance with her as its central character was a real labor of love. Yet a labor it was; he himself says in one of his letters, "I have never done any work before that cost so much thinking and weighing and measuring and planning and cramming, or so much cautious and painstaking execution." The result is a masterpiece of that fictional biography that is so popular at the present moment. Joan, as we see her through the eyes of her boyish companion, now grown old, is more tenderly human, more gentle, more self-sacrificing, yet no less shrewd and determined than we find her elsewhere. The author says that he "shoveled in as much fancy work and invention on both sides of the historical road" as he pleased, with the result that such humorous characters as the Paladin and Rainguesson lend much interest to the story. There is great charm also in the naïveté of the style, which in the account of Joan's trial and execution rises to real heights of unstudied eloquence. Bernard Shaw accuses Mark Twain of a lack of reverence for the period about which he writes, but surely Twain surpasses Shaw in reverence for the Maid herself.

At almost the same time as the *Personal Recollections* there appeared in Boston Judge Francis C. Lowell's *Joan of Arc,* the first matter-of-fact biography which we have had to consider. Biographical writing is not always—or indeed often—literature, and there have been biographies of the Maid, written in English, both before and since Lowell's, which we shall not discuss at all. Nor is Lowell's account a literary masterpiece. Of all the lives in English, however, it is the most complete and accurate in its record of facts, the most judicially unbiased in its interpretation of those facts, and the most sane and critical in its general tone. The style, though not distinguished, is eminently clear and readable.

A slight departure from the strict order of chronology here

seems desirable, that we may compare with Lowell's biography Andrew Lang's *The Maid of France*. If the temper of the American's book is judicial, that of the Scotchman's is impassioned. Like De Quincey before him, Lang takes up the cudgels to defend Joan against one of her fellow-countrymen. This time the offender is Anatole France, who in his life of the Maid attaches little importance to the evidence given at the Trial of Rehabilitation, credits Joan with no great degree of intelligence, laughs at her military ability, and holds that she was "indoctrinated" by the churchmen of the day, who taught her the nature of her warlike mission and used her as their mouthpiece and puppet. To disprove these calumnies, as he considered them, Lang wrote his biography in the white heat of indignation, completing the work in three months but sparing no pains to make it accurate. His Joan is a saintly martyr whose super-normal experiences are beyond the powers of science to explain. He admires, loves her beyond measure, and his pages glow with the fire of his devotion. The very subjectivity of the style lends to the interest of the story, and though one trusts Lang less than Lowell, one reads him with much greater enjoyment.

Lang deplored Shakespeare's treatment of the Maid; he was perhaps unfamiliar with another dramatic Joan, who first came upon the boards in 1906, two years before the publication of his biography. Percy MacKaye's *Jeanne d'Arc* is one of the few examples, in the history of the twentieth-century stage, of an even moderately successful blank-verse drama. It was the first of its author's productions to be played by professionals; Marlowe and Sothern having presented it in Philadelphia, New York, London and elsewhere. It remains, however, essentially a closet drama. The verse, smooth and polished though it is, lacks dramatic fire and vigor; the plot likewise lacks concentration, the last act being singularly ineffective. MacKaye's Joan is rather a conventional heroine; we look in vain for the wistful charm with which Mark Twain endows her as well as the spiritual intensity that shines through the pages of Lang. The author's invention of Joan's slowly awakened love for D'Alençon, who is represented as being with her in prison just before her execution, weakens the play rather than strengthens it. The supernatural is skilfully introduced, but the effects suggested belong to the cinematographic art rather than the legitimate stage.

So we come to perhaps the most interesting of all the interpretations of the Maid—Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. As usual with Shaw, this is really two works, a prefatory essay and the play itself, and the two need to be considered separately. In the preface Shaw tells us many striking things about Joan, with a fair proportion of which we are ready to agree. Thus we learn that she was not a mere peasant's daughter, but the lady of the farm on which she lived; that she was noteworthy for her strength of mind and hardihood of body; that there was nothing peculiar about her save the scope of her intellect and her character; that she was neither insane nor an impostor but had a dramatic, visualizing imagination; that she was both a genius and a saint; and that she was not the ladylike Victorian of Twain and Lang. Concerning her martyrdom we read that she was burned because of her insufferable presumption and because she could not understand the fury of others at having their stupidity exposed. We are further asked to believe that she had a fairer trial than any prisoner of her type and in her situation would get nowadays—a claim which is, as De Quincy would say, *"un peu fort."* As regards her historical significance, it is pointed out that in defying the authority of the church she was the forerunner of protestantism and individualism, and that in opposing the feudal system she was teaching the doctrine of nationalism. Like most of Shaw's prefaces, this is stimulating and irritating even when it is not convincing.

The play itself is a remarkable work of genius, one of the author's most characteristic dramas. Of course the ordinary laws of dramatic technique are disregarded; instead of a closely-woven structure we have a series of six semi-detached scenes plus an epilogue. In Scene I Joan appears at Vaucouleurs and persuades Baudricourt to send her to Chinon. In Scene II she is received by the Dauphin, winning his faith and that of his knights. Scene III shows her before Orléans and deals chiefly with a miraculous change in the direction of the wind. Scene IV is laid in the English camp and represents the Bishop of Beauvais as being anxious to have her burned as protestant and nationalist. Scene V, in the cathedral at Rheims just after the coronation, shows that Joan has nothing further to hope for from army, church, or king. In Scene VI we have a part of Joan's trial, her recantation, her relapse, and her execution—off stage. The Epilogue materializes

the visions of King Charles twenty-five years later, and serves to let us know of Joan's rehabilitation and canonization.. Throughout the play undue emphasis is placed on the interpretation of such abstract matters as Joan's presumption; the nature of the Church, the Inquisition, and the Feudal System. The characterization at times seems faulty: Charles is even too much of an imbecile, Cauchon is too honest and fair-minded, and Lemaitre is too capable and eloquent. But when all deductions have been made, we are forced to admit that Shaw has succeeded wonderfully well in modernizing Joan, in making her very human indeed. To be sure it may shock us at first to hear her call the English the "goddams," address the king as Charlie, and lapse at times into north-country dialect, but the fact remains that she seems to live here as she does nowhere else in literature. However correct or incorrect the conception may be, Shaw's Joan is certainly a creature of real flesh and blood.

The most recent account of the Maid is Albert Bigelow Paine's biography, which was published in two sumptuous volumes in the fall of 1925. Of course, Paine's interest in Joan derives directly from Mark Twain, and his biography has been as much a labor of love as was Twain's romance. Two features make Paine's account unique: first, he has personally visited, a reverent pilgrim, every spot where Joan is known to have been, and thus is able to create an authentic atmosphere that lends charm to the narrative; second, by using freely the official records of the two trials, as well as various news letters and contemporary accounts, he has told the story as far as possible in the very words of Joan herself and those who knew her best. Thus Paine's biography is the most realistic of them all. It is told, moreover, in a style that is both vivid and flexible. The frequent illustrations that embellish the text play their part in making this latest the most attractive life of the Maid.

Finally, there are in both the British and the American branch of English literature numerous short stories and poems dealing with Joan of Arc. Such briefer treatments were, of course, most numerous during the Great War, when Joan appeared even in popular songs, but they are by no means limited to that period. Though Alfred Austin, Andrew Lang, and many others less well known have written poems about her, the best metrical treatments are Theodore Roberts' *The Maid* and Theodosia Garrison's *The*

Soul of Jeanne d'Arc. Both are ballads; the former poem impresses on us the idea that of all who then rode and fought together—"Gentlemen, fools, and a saint riding in Christ's high name!"—the Maid alone is not forgotten; the latter tells how Jeanne appeared in God's court in heaven:

> She came not into the Presence as a martyred saint might come,
> Crowned, white-robed and adoring, with very reverence dumb,—
> She stood as a straight young soldier, confident, gallant, strong,
> Who asks a boon of his captain in the sudden hush of the drum.

We read of how she begged to be allowed to return to earth to answer the call of her country in its need, ending with the plea:

> 'Mine be the fire about my feet, the smoke about my head;
> So might I glow, a torch to show the path my heroes tread;
> *My Captain! Oh, my Captain,* let me go back!' she said.

Of the various short stories concerning Joan of Arc the best known, doubtless, is Dr. Van Dyke's *The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France,* wherein we read how a French soldier who has suffered shell-shock at Verdun finds himself unable to face the horrors of a return to the front and is in flight toward the Swiss border. By chance he stops at Joan of Arc's spring, near Domremy, where he meets a sympathetic priest, to whom he confesses. Later he has a vision of the Maid and by her is commanded to return to Verdun. He does so, and in his death finds absolution for his sin of infidelity to France. A sentimentally romantic story no doubt, but surely more than one soldier of France has been heartened by his memories of the Maid.

In conclusion, it may be worthwhile, by way of summary, to compare the other types of literature which we have been considering, just as we have compared the poems and the short stories. Of the three biographies, Lang's is the most vivid, because of the white heat of the passion in which it is fused; Lowell's is the most accurate and impartial, because, no doubt, of the judicial temper of its author; Paine's is the most human because we are made to see Joan as she was seen by her contemporaries. Of the three dramatic conceptions of the Maid, Shakespeare's is coarsely revolting, MacKaye's is sentimentally conventional, and Shaw's is startlingly modern. Of the two essays considered, De Quincey's is the more eloquent, impassioned, reverent; Shaw's is the more critical, provocative, dogmatic. Southey's epic and Twain's romance stand alone in their respective classes, and are alike in that

both are narrative and both contain many imaginary details. But here the likeness ends. Southey's poem reflects no particular credit even on a youth of nineteen; the most liberal judgment cannot pronounce it more than mediocre verse. In all literature, on the other hand, it would be hard to find an historical romance more absorbingly interesting, more tenderly lucid, or more whimsically human than the masterpiece in which America's great humorist laid aside for a moment his cap and bells in order to pay reverent homage at the shrine of her who, in his own words, "occupies the highest place possible to human attainment, a loftier one than has been reached by any other mere mortal."

Thus from one generation to the next, in one literary type after another, Joan of Arc, the Maid of France, has been appearing and reappearing in the pages of English literature. Thus, too, she will continue to appear and reappear throughout the ages. For she is the most marvellous human being that ever lived, and the story of Joan is "the wonder tale of all the ages." A girl of nineteen—a mere child—she is the world's greatest exemplar of courage, self-sacrifice, unfaltering devotion to duty. A simple peasant maiden, she stood in a turbulent and priest-ridden age for individualism, nationalism, reform. Untrained in the art of war or the science of politics, she proved herself in a few brief months to be one of the world's greatest generals and greatest statesmen. What wonder, then, that, like the cross which she kissed amid the smoke and flames at Rouen, she stands forever "towering o'er the wrecks of time," not Maid of France alone but mistress of the homage of the world.

'Dust to dust!' it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow.
Dust, the Cross of Saint George; dust, the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.
Forgotten, the young knight's valor; forgotten, the captain's skill;
Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten, the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago:
Shadows, the poor French King and the might of his English foe;
Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her banner of snow!

C. M. Newman.

Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

RECOGNITION

Better for you who lived with eyes of fire,
  Stretching your arms to rays of Paradise
There, beyond the trodden pits of mire,
  Above the rift of ever-clouding skies;

Better that you had never known the day
  They found your spoor and set it, owlish, down
That your achievement might lead you away
  From your loved dreams to your absurd renown;

To make you far more futile than a ghost,
  Bereft at last without a twinge of shame;
To sprawl in mire, and make the mire your boast
  And feed on the spoiled glories of a name.

ALLEN WOODALL.

Columbia University.

THIERS AND THE BRITISH MEDIATION OF 1835

When Edward Livingston, the American Minister to France, finally accepted his passports on April 29, 1835, and left Paris, Franco-American diplomatic relations were brought to an impasse. This unfortunate situation had resulted from a series of negotiations relative to an indemnity to the United States for Napoleonic depredations. American shipping had been harried under Napoleon's decrees of Milan, Berlin, and Rambouillet. As early as 1816 the American minister, then Gallatin, had opened negotiations with the French government. The Duc de Richelieu and his successors had adopted the policy of "silent postponement" as the least objectionable course to pursue until the revived Bourbon government should be more firmly established.

Gallatin's successor, Brown, continued to present these claims of American citizens, and the French ministers of foreign affairs continued to pigeon-hole them. Despite the internal political rivalry and the frequent ministerial upheavals, the French Foreign Office maintained one common policy—the total disregard for American affairs.

The election of Andrew Jackson as president and the appointment of Martin Van Buren as secretary of state produced a more aggressive type of diplomacy on the part of America. Their minister to France, Rives, proved better able to cope with the wily French diplomats. At least after two years he had been able to secure a treaty which apparently would close this unpleasant period in Franco American relations.

This treaty,[1] the result of prolonged and persistent efforts on Rives' part, was signed on July 4, 1831. By its terms the French government agreed to pay a lump sum of 25,000,000 francs to be proportioned by the United States among its claimants. The United States agreed to pay to France 1,500,000 francs for the Beaumarchais claims; claims for unpaid bills accrued during the American Revolt. In both cases the payments were to be made in six instalments commencing one year from the ratification of the treaty. Rives was also compelled to grant a reduction of the duties on French wines imported into the United States in return for France's discarding a vague, though possible, claim in con-

[1]United States Treaties and Conventions, 1776-1887, p. 345.

nection with the "most favored nation" clause of the Treaty of 1803 between France and the United States.[2]

This treaty of 1831, then, had been for Rives and the new Jackson party a diplomatic triumph. Jackson readily ratified it on February 2, 1832, the Senate approving; and in July of that year Congress passed the legislation necessary to effect the new schedule of wine duties. The United States had done its part to fulfil the agreement.

In France, however, the situation was not so simple. This treaty had been negotiated by the ministry of Louis Philippe, but appropriations were granted only by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies. To secure the needed appropriation was not easy for a ministry whose composition changed periodically. The first payment was due February 2, 1833, but the French made no effort to discharge it. The United States added further embarrassment by presenting, in March, 1833, a draft against the French government.[3]. This was taken up by the Bank of the United States and presented to the French bankers, the Rothschilds. Of course no funds had been designated for its payment, and this incident served only to increase the complexity of relations with France as well as Jackson's antipathy toward the Bank.

The same neglect followed in 1834. This delinquency compelled Jackson, so he felt, to raise the issue. With his annual message of 1834 he intended to create a crisis by which he hoped to force the desired payment from France. Already profuse and abundant apologies had been presented by the French minister at Washington. At Paris, Livingston, Rives' successor, proved unable to cope with the situation. His best efforts had secured only the initiation of a *projet de loi* in 1833 by the ministry of the Duc de Broglie. This proposed legislation was defeated by the deputies as a test case and secured only the downfall of the ministry. Furthermore, the opposition took this occasion to record that "the government was discrediting French diplomacy, and humiliating the nation by its cowardice towards foreign powers."[4]. Obviously the next ministry could expect to fare little better with such an attitude among the deputies.

The attitude of Louis Philippe had been favorable toward the

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[2]*Ibid,* p. 335.
[3]Exec. Doc. 23 Cong. 2 Sess. II, No. 40, p. 22.
[4]E. Bourgeois, *History of Modern France,* 1815-1913, I, p. 169.

payment. The treaty obligations had been incurred by his ministry. He, feigning liberalism, had sought friendship with America, and more specifically an *entente cordiale* with England against the absolutist policy of Russia.[5] This had been a reversal of his predecessor's plan, as Charles X had aimed at a union with Russia. Yet Louis Philippe was unable to cope with the Chamber of Deputies. The general weakness of each ministry prevented the forced passage of the bill, and the popular cry for economy may have had much to do with the deputies' parsimony in rejecting it.

After the conventional and unsatisfactory explanations of the defeat of the bill had been received in the spring of 1834, Jackson earnestly prepared for the worst. On June 6 he sent orders to the Secretary of the Navy to put the fleet in condition for service.[6] He discussed with Van Buren the advisability of adopting a more energetic policy, including the presentation of the subject to the next Congress. Livingston, at Paris, felt a further cause for the delay to be a desire to ascertain the president's attitude from his next message to Congress. He wrote on November 22, 1834,

> One motive for delay is the expectation that the message of the President may arrive before the discussion (to be held in the Chamber of Deputies in January, 1835), and that it may contain something to show a strong national feeling on the subject. *This is not mere conjecture; I know the fact.*[7]

There are many omissions in this letter as presented to Congress. Yet Parton, in his *Life of Andrew Jackson,* asserts that Louis Philippe had intimated to Livingston the necessity for a show of courage on the part of the President in his annual message. He concludes that these conversations had been reported to Jackson and that the annual message of 1834 had resulted. This idea does not occur in the letter referred to above, nor could that letter have reached America prior to the delivery of the message on December 1, 1834. No letters substantiating this theory occur in the Public Documents, though in all probability they would have been withheld from the scrutiny of Congress.

Nevertheless, Jackson proved himself emphatic and earnest in this message.[8] After noting the pacific and amicable relations be-

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[5] A. Debidour, *Histoire Diplomatique de l'Europe,* 1891, Ed. I, p. 277.
[6] J. S. Bassett, *Life of Andrew Jackson,* II, p. 667, note.
[7] Exec. Doc. 23 Cong. 2 Sess., IV, No. 136.
[8] J. H. Richardson, *Messages and Papers of the Presidents,* III, p. 97.

tween the United States and various foreign nations, Jackson declared it to be "his unpleasant duty" to inform Congress that this pacific picture did not include France. He reviewed the fulfilment of the treaty obligations by the United States and France's failure to do the same. Specifically, as a result of this negligence, relations were in such a situation as to threaten the good understanding between the two nations. The lethargy of the French Chambers was duly criticized. Jackson then stated his plan of action. He would await the action of the French Chambers in their next session. Then in event of a refusal to appropriate the necessary funds, he would commence reprisals on French property. Authorization for such action he now demanded of Congress. Justification for his mode of procedure he found in the reprisals recently practised by France against Portugal. He maintained that according to international law this would not create a state of war between the two nations. He ended this section of his message with a denial that these remarks were either a threat or a menace, and he regretted the possibility of a collision with France, the foremost liberal nation of Europe.

The receipt of this message in France, early in January, staggered Paris. Keen and diverse comment appeared in the various journals. *La Quotidienne* felt it merely ridiculous and not serious. A feeling that France's dignity had been wounded and that menaces would hardly lead the deputies to appropriate the necessary funds, was expressed by *Le Constitutionnel*. *Le Temps* considered that the proclamation of unexpected violence and suggested that the bravadoes had been dictated by private interests. *Le Journal du Commerce* discussed the constitutional question as affecting the power of the Chamber of Deputies to validate a pecuniary treaty. Likewise, *Le Courier-Français* dwelt upon the veto power of the deputies in cases involving financial appropriation.[9]

The ministry was equally zealous in taking exception to the message; and the stand taken by such American newspapers as the *Intelligencer* and the *New York Courier,* which condemned Jackson's lack of dignity, warranted the attitude of the ministers. The government still planned to present the bill to the deputies, "but at the same time his Majesty has considered it due to his own dignity no longer to leave his minister exposed to hear lan-

[9]McMaster, *History of the United States,* VI, p. 239.

guage so offensive to France."[10] The French minister was withdrawn, and Livingston was offered his passports in January, 1835. The latter declined to accept them and remained at Paris until April 29, when he finally retired. Barton, the *Chargé d'Affaires,* was left as head of the legation till November. His stay was conditional upon the passage of the bill for appropriations.

This bill was, in the end, passed, and then duly signed by the king at the Tuilleries on June 14, 1835. Yet it was by no means so complete a victory for Jackson, as John Quincy Adams remarked in his diary.[11] For attached to the act was the amendment of General Valazé, which made the payment conditional upon the retraction of Jackson's remarks of 1834. In September no payment had been made, so Barton presented a final demand, which, if not complied with, was to require his departure. Pageot, the *Chargé d'Affaires* at Washington, was ordered by his government to quit his post. After an attempt to place the burden of responsibility upon Jackson for any future difficulties that might arise, he left America in January, 1836. Barton had left Paris the preceding November. This left no means of communication between the two governments, and in those days of slow transportation and communication, this was an additional obstacle in the way to peace. Jackson in his message[12] to Congress of December 7, 1835, carefully reviewed the case to date. He justified his previous action by declaring it to be the fulfilment of his constitutional duty. Due reference to the notes sent to the French ministry in explanation of his position was made, and these he considered to be "all the explanation which honor and principle permitted." He had demanded the determination of the French government, but at that time no reply had been received.

This message was eventually accepted by France as sufficient disclaimer for the previous one. Since all the official intercourse between the two nations had been severed, an honorable mode of settlement conforming to diplomatic usage was necessary. The *impasse* then existing could only be solved by the intervention of a third power, which was to be Great Britain. Senator Benton extolled her generous action with typical senatorial fervor. In his *Thirty Years' View* he wrote:

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[10]Sen. Doc. 23 Cong. 2 Sess., IV, No. 145, pp. 4-6.
[11]J. Q. Adams, *Memoirs,* IX, p. 238.
[12]Richardson, *Messages and Papers of the Presidents,* III, p. 152.

> In communicating the offer of the British Mediation the President expressed his high appreciation of the 'elevated and disinterested motives of that offer.' The motives were, in fact, both elevated and disinterested; and present one of those noble spectacles in the conduct of nations on which history loves to dwell. France and the United States had fought together against Great Britain; now Great Britain steps between France and the United States to prevent them from fighting each other. George the Third received the combined attacks of French and Americans; his son, William the Fourth, interposes to prevent their arms from being turned against each other. It was a noble intervention, and a just return for the good work of the Emperor Alexander in offering his mediation between the United States and Great Britain —good works these peace mediations, and as nearly divine as humanity can reach;—worthy of all praise, of long remembrance, and continual imitation;—the more so in this case of the British mediation when the event to be prevented would have been so favorable to British interests—would have thrown the commerce of the United States and of France into her hands, and enriched her at the expense of both. Happily the progress of the age which, in cultivating good will among nations, elevates great powers above all selfishness, and permits no unfriendly recollection—no selfish calculation—to balk the impulses of a noble philanthropy."[13]

This explanation of the mediation has been the basis of all subsequent accounts. However, in the archives of the *Bibliothèque Thiers,* at Paris, is the *Dossier* of Mme. Dosne, in which the report of the episode is at variance with that of Benton. These notes, MS. No. 570, are dated December 23, 1835, which proximity tends more toward accuracy than Benton's effusion eighteen years later. Furthermore, Mme. Dosne was in a position to know the actual manoeuver, as her son-in-law, Thiers, initiated it. Her political sagacity and knowledge of affairs of state are well attested. Balzac referred to her as the *political barometer* of Paris. Frequently she gave advice to Thiers, noticeably in regard to his attitude toward the Reform Banquets of 1847. Though certain sentimental embellishments are often found in the descriptions of her son-in-law, her accounts of political events are found to be highly authentic and credible. In addition, it is known that in

[13]Benton, *Thirty Years View,* ed. 1854, I, pp. 600-601.

1840 Thiers and Mme. Dosne revised their notes, as he intended to write an autobiography. This revision by Thiers adds to the value of the document.[14] Mme. Dosne's version of the mediation, which follows, indicates that England was hardly as disinterested as Benton affirmed, and it seems more akin to historical truth and diplomatic subterfuge.

The attempt at reconciliation made by the United States in a note, presented by Livingston, in which any intention to insult France had been disclaimed, was unacceptable inasmuch as it had occurred prior to the vote of the Deputies. Negotiations since then had not been conducted very astutely, and the French government decided that it should take cognizance of the possible outcome of the affair. About the first of November, Thiers had opened the subject at a meeting of the ministers through a discussion on armaments. The inconveniences to certain manufacturing interests in France in event of war with the United States were cited.

Thiers then proposed a mode of ending the affair in an honorable fashion—to wit, through the mediation of Great Britain. The Duc de Broglie, President and Minister of Foreign Affairs, rejected the idea, but Humann, the Minister of Finance, and the king approved it. No action was taken, however, and meanwhile it became time for the meeting of the two Chambers. "Public opinion" pronounced strongly against an American war and declared that the ministry should be less hostile toward the *folies* of Jackson. Thiers, who continued to prepare for armaments, had not ceased to consider the possibility of mediation, and now (December, 1835) renewed his conversations on this subject with various ministers. Duchâtel found the proposal wise and politic and thought that Thiers should again lay his proposition before the king. Calling upon the king, Thiers discussed with him his plan for securing British mediation, England should publicly propose mediation in such a manner that America would be placed in the wrong if she declined to accept it. "Louis Philippe seized upon the proposition with joy, and as he is very demonstrative, he grasped Thiers and said to him, 'Ha, my dear minister, you save us! but Broglie! how to make him understand this?' "

After this Thiers informed the Minister of Foreign Affairs of

[14] J. M. S. Allison, *Thiers and the French Monarchy*, pp. 272, 363.

his idea for mediation. The Duc's vanity was wounded because this idea had not been conceived in his brain. He considered it for a day, during which time Thiers secured the approval of Guizot and Humann. The ministry met the next day, and the negotiation was proposed and debated. Thiers, backed by the king, was insistent; the only objection raised was as to the method to be employed in giving to England the requisite hint to offer herself as mediatrix. The Duc de Broglie, "ill at ease at this plan which was not his own," expressed fear as to England's disposition toward such a plan. Here, the king, recalling liaisons between his son-in-law, Leopold, King of Belgium, and Lord Palmerston, then the British Foreign Secretary, suggested sending an indication of the French attitude through him to the English.

Later in the day de Broglie called upon Thiers and informed him that on that very morning he had received from England a proposition of immense importance in European politics—to wit, a proposal for an offensive and defensive alliance between France and England against Russia. This was a question of Oriental affairs, as England feared for her possessions in India in the event that Russia should secure Constantinople.

Since 1815, England had shown a latent feeling of hostility toward Russia,[15] and, in consequence, somewhat of a desire for an *entente* with France. As time went on, this feeling began to influence the British foreign policy, and in 1830 England and France had acted sympathetically in the crisis of the Belgian Revolution. Both England and France had protested the Russo-Turkish Treaty of July 8, 1833. For her part, France leaned toward England as the foremost liberal nation at the time of the July Revolution. These were the two powers outside the pale of the Metternich system, and naturally they were thrown toward each other. However, in 1835, France, under the lead of de Broglie, had turned toward Austria in hopes of a marriage alliance by means of the Dauphin. It may have been this tendency that prompted Palmerston to adopt a more definite tone in proposing this alliance against Russia.

Furthermore, shortly after this proposal, Parliament entertained two debates of considerable length on the attitude of the

[15] A. Debidour, *Histoire Diplomatique de l'Europe*, 1814-1878, ed. 1891, I, ch. VIII, IX *passim*.

government toward Russia. The first,[16] on February 19, 1836, was opened by Lord Dudley Stuart and was confined chiefly to an attack on Russia for having upset the balance of power by her acquisitions in 1815. Fear that Russia would secure Constantinople, thence Persia, and thereby threaten India, as well as interest in Anglo-Turkish trade was expressed. Palmerston, in defense of the government's policy, decried the demand for immediate war that was raised, and declared that the period of peace should be used to establish friendly contacts with other powers so England need not stand alone when the war did come. This is the extent of any implication on the part of the British government relative to a French alliance. The second debate,[17] April 20, 1836, evidenced nothing more specific than this, though vague hopes were raised that Austria and France would side with England against Russia and help preserve the integrity of Turkey.

This new turn of affairs was made known the next day to the ministry at a secret meeting held in the council room of the king.[18] The ministers were all quite taken with the idea of such an alliance, and Louis Philippe was delighted. Thiers halted this *élan* by a temporizing suggestion.

"It is," he said, "entirely to England's interest to secure the alliance of France against Russia. Her commerce, her power in India can only gain by this treaty." Then he went on to note the immunity of England resulting from her geographical situation in contrast to that of France. He predicted that sooner or later England and Russia were bound to collide in the Orient. The French policy should be to await the proposals of both powers, to make France sought by both, and then to aid the one which should offer her the greatest advantages. "Thus Russia might one day be able to give us in return for this support, the boundary of the Rhine," he astutely added.

Nevertheless, Thiers believed that advantage should be taken of this opportunity to conclude the American affair. He proposed a note from the king to Leopold (it being well understood that France would be quite foreign to this insinuation) and that the French ministry should reply to England saying that the American

[16]Hansard, Parliamentary Debates, 3rd Series, 1836, XXXI, pp. 614-669.
[17]*Ibid*, XXXII, 1237 forward.
[18]Dosne, MS. No. 570, Bibliothèque Thiers.

situation prevented any engagement with a foreign power at this time; further, that the necessary preparations for war prevented France from listening to the English proposal until the American affair had been terminated. This, Thiers assured them, would provoke England to offer her mediation to America in hopes of securing the cherished French alliance.

The ministry, though so charmed with the idea of an English alliance, finally agreed to this plan, and the necessary steps were taken. The manoeuver was successfully executed, the king writing to Leopold on Saturday. The government replied to England the next day in the manner suggested by Thiers, and on the following Wednesday England offered herself as mediatrix between France and the United States. The French Government replied that it would accept this offer if the mediation were of such a nature as to put the United States in the wrong should she decline it. On these conditions the French accepted the offer. On December 29, 1835, the king in his address to the assembled Chambers announced the English offer and his acceptance of the same.[19] Negotiations between England and the United States were immediately commenced, for a month later, January 27, 1836, Bankhead, the British *Chargé d'Affaires* at Washington, explained England's disinterestedness and her desire to prevent any possible conflict, and tendered his government's good offices as mediatrix. This was accepted by Secretary of State Forsyth on February 3, in a long note justifying the American position. On February 15, Bankhead was able to notify him "that the frank and honorable manner in which the President has, in his recent message, expressed himself with regard to the points of difference between the Governments of France and the United States, has removed those difficulties."[20] Jackson received this information with "the highest satisfaction." Well might he, for Michel Chevalier, writing in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 15, 1836, under the title *De la Presidence Américaine,* declared,

Nous avons été battus, et nous avons payé.

Yet he does not reproach Jackson for his course, rather France who tolerated his *sorties.*

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[19] British and Foreign State Papers, 1833-1836, Vol. XXIV, p. 393.
[20] Exec. Doc. 24 Cong., 1 Sess., IV, No. 116.

JOHN KEATS AS A CRITIC

If, as Wordsworth suggested in *Tintern Abbey*, there are four stages of a man's development—sensation, feeling, love of man, and love of God—John Keats never got beyond the second. He himself recognized this fact and noted it in a letter to Reynolds.[1] Yet we should consider Keats as a poet, not by what he might have done had he lived, but rather by what he did do in the three years of his poetical activity; his fame rests most firmly on what he actually accomplished.

His development as a poet was slow until his art suddenly, in the course of a few years, shot forth into its maturity. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, Keats, through the imitation of some beloved masters, became the great poet that he is. He was also stimulated by his ambition to "be among the English Poets after [his] death." But, most significantly, in him, more than in most poets, the poetical and critical faculties were almost equally united. "I have no doubt of success in a course of years if I persevere," he wrote, "but it must be patience, for the Reviews have enervated and made indolent men's minds—few think for themselves."[2]

Keats developed his critical powers by thinking for himself. Yet one rarely hears any reference to him as a critic. It will be the purpose of this essay to formulate as far as possible Keats's theory of poetry and to give his criticism of his own poems, incidentally pointing out his appreciation of the three great poets of the past who most influenced him: Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. It is quite possible to give a full account of his reactions to them and to the work of his own contemporaries (particularly of Wordsworth) as indicated in his annotated copies, in his formal dramatic criticisms, in his letters, and in his own poetry, but the scope of this paper will not permit; only a few points will be noted in passing.

II

Fortunate indeed are we to have copies of Keats's favorite poets in which he has marked passages that particularly appealed to him: Miss Amy Lowell, for instance, possessed his annotated

[1] Sidney Colvin, *Letters of John Keats*, 1921, pp. 107-109.
[2] *Ibid*, p. 171.

copy of the first book of the *Faerie Queene*. No one will deny the great influence of Spenser on Keats, especially in the young man's first volume of poetry; Miss Lowell in her biography gave a most interesting account of Cowden Clarke's introducing Keats to Spenser. Keats showed his own instinct for the poetical art by fastening with fine discernment on epithets of special felicity or power in Spenser. For instance, says Cowden Clarke, "he hoisted himself up, and looked burly and dominant, as he said, 'What an image that is—*sea-shouldering-whales!*' " Passages in Keats's copy of the *Faerie Queene* are marked and re-marked by Keats, indicating clearly his early preoccupation with descriptions appealing to one or more of the senses—with "images of effect," as Miss Lowell calls them. The 1817 volume of *Poems* shows an enormous effect of his reading and assimilation of Spenser; and in his sonnet on the "poets' poet," he says:

> The flower must drink the nature of the soil
> Before it can put forth its blossoming:
> Be with me in the summer days and I
> Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

As late as April, 1819, he says that he is still deliberately imitating Spenser; and, when he is ill and is no longer able to compose poetry himself, we find him writing to Fanny Brawne: "For this Week I have been employed in marking the most beautiful passages in Spenser, intending it for you. . . ." From his study of Spenser, he learned much; his perfect melody, his rare sense of natural beauty, his splendid imagination, his lofty moral purity and seriousness, and his delicate idealism, which could make all nature and every common thing beautiful. Even more than these, it kindled the spark and set afire his love for the poetry of the greatest of the Elizabethans.

Articles, theses, books, have been written on the influence of Shakespeare on Keats; among them, Claude Lee Finney's Harvard thesis, *Shakspere and Keats,* and J. Middleton Murry's *Keats and Shakspere.* Keats was inspired and, at times, haunted by his reading of Shakespeare, few of his letters do not contain some allusion to or imitative paraphrase of Shakespeare. "We feel," he says in one of them, "that criticism has no right to purse its little brow in the presence of Shakespeare. He has, to our belief, very few imperfections and perhaps these might vanish from

our minds, if *we* had the perfection properly to scan them." Largely intuitive, his criticism is very acute when he says of the sonnets:[3]

> One of the three books I have with me is Shakspeare's Poems; I never found so many beauties in the sonnets—they seem to be full of fine things said unintentionally—in the intensity of working out conceits—He has left nothing to say about nothing or anything.

In his criticism of Kean as an actor of Shakespearean tragedy, particularly in the rôle of Richard the Third, and in his annotations in his 1808 folio copy of Shakespeare, Keats is the romantic appreciative or impressionistic critic.

Now, Keats loved Shakespeare most because the latter possessed, in his opinion, the greatest "negative capability, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason,"[4]—the very characteristic about Shakespeare that Bernard Shaw deplores. But this quality isolated Shakespeare for Keats; Shakespeare stood alone and above all other poets. In one of his dramatic reviews, Keats said:

> One thing we are convinced of on looking over the three parts of Henry . . . which is that Shakspeare was the only lonely and perfectly happy creature whom God ever formed. He could never have made a being more unmatchable.

As great as was Hazlitt's influence as a critic upon Keats (especially in Keats's criticisms and annotations of *King Lear*[5]), at times the young poet surpasses him, particularly in the profound statement he makes concerning Shakespeare's universality. Concerning a certain passage in *Troilus and Cressida,* Keats notes:

> The genius of Shakspeare was an innate universality—wherefore he had the utmost achievement of human intellect prostrate beneath his indolent and kingly gaze. He could do easily man's utmost. His plans of tasks to come were not of this world—if what he purposed to do hereafter would not in his own idea "answer the aim," how tremendous must have been his conception of ultimates.

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[3]Letter XXIII, pp. 45-46, to Reynolds, November 22, 1817.
[4]Letter XXIV, p. 48, December 22, 1817, to George and Thomas Keats.
[5]Finney, p. 271ff.

While Milton's verse affected Keats to a considerable extent[6] (particularly in his composition of *Hyperion*), yet it was less powerful to him than the poetry of Shakespeare and of Spenser. His letters, however, contain numerous quotations and references to Milton's poetry.[7] His first reference to Milton in his own verse is in the *Epistle to Charles Cowden Clarke,* in which he contrasts the poetry of Spenser and of Milton.[8] A careful consideration of the marginalia of Keats's copy of *Paradise Lost* will, I believe, indicate three things in which Keats was particularly interested: first, the immensity of Milton's undertaking; second, his method of contrast; and, third, his use of sensuous language.[9] Towards the end of his career, Keats, however, abandoned the verse of *Paradise Lost* as too Miltonic and returned to Shakespeare.[10]

In summary, we may now say that Keats was interested in and imitated deliberately the three great English poets before him because of the qualities of their poetry that directly appealed to him: Spenser's medieval romantic chivalry, his sensitiveness to natural beauty, and the flowing melody and rhythm of his verse; Shakespeare's sensuous qualities and his superb management of the passions; and Milton's harmony and sublimity. Of his contemporaries, Keats most admired Wordsworth, Haydon, and Hazlitt. To Haydon, in January, 1818, he wrote:[11]

> . . . Every day the older I get—the greater is my idea of your achievements in Art: and I am convinced that there are three things to rejoice at in this Age: The *Excursion,* your Pictures, and Hazlitt's depth of Taste.

In his appreciation of these poets, particularly Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, Keats built up a theory of poetry for himself.

III

If Keats was a good critic of others, he was a better critic of himself. I shall consider, first, Keats's theory of poetry; and, second, his application of these principles to his own work. I

[6]Cf. Lines on *Seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair,* Oxford Keats, pp. 301-2.
[7]*Letters* XXI, p. 41f; XCII, 237;CXII, 282; CXVI, 313-14.
[8]Oxford Keats, p. 31, lines 56-59.
[9]Lord Houghton, *Life of Keats, etc.,* 1867, pp. 235-40.
[10]Letter CXXI, p. 282, August 25, 1819.
[11]Letter XXVI, p. 53, January 10, 1818, to Haydon.

regret that time will not permit my treating, even briefly, Keats's method of composition.[12] Unlike Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats does not write a formal or prefatory essay on the theory of poetry, but scattered throughout his letters and his poetry are clear-cut statements as to what he conceived to be his task as a poet. Let us take up in order Keats's consideration of such poetical fundamentals as the "negative capability" (as he calls the greatest of all poetic requisites), beauty, imagination, and sensation.

We have seen, in one of Keats's comments on Shakespeare, that the quality that is most essential for a man of achievement, especially in literature, is negative capability; a quality which Shakespeare possessed "enormously," making him, for Keats, the greatest of all poets; while Coleridge lacked it, to his detriment as a poet.[13] Poetry must be impersonal, and as far as the poet is concerned, he should have no identity.[14] For "men of genius are great as certain ethereal chemicals operating on the mass of neutral intellect—but they have not any individuality, any determined character—I would call the top and head of those who have a proper self, men of power."[15] "We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us. . . . Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing that enters into one's soul, and does not startle or amaze it with itself—but with its subject."[16] But this does not mean that poetry itself is purposeless; for Keats is ambitious of doing the world good through his poetry. He will strive to reach as high a summit as he is capable of, but he has fears that he may lose all interest in human affairs—"that the solitary Indifference I feel for applause, even from the finest spirits, will not blunt any acuteness of vision I may have."

In summarizing what he means by negative capability, Keats quickly shifts to his theory of beauty. "This [consideration of negative capability] pursued through volumes would perhaps take us no further than this, that with a great poet the sense of Beauty

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[12]Cf. particularly Letter of Woodhouse, Lowell MS., Lowell, I, pp. 501-2. Is there not plenty of evidence in the first drafts of many of Keats's poems, that Woodhouse is mistaken when he says that Keats never revised, never changed, never rewrote?

[13]Letter XXIV, p. 48.

[14]Letter LXXVI, pp. 184-85.

[15]Letter XXII, p. 41.

[16]Letter XXXIV, p. 68. Letter LXXVI, pp. 184-85.

overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration."[17] He worships at the shrine of beauty. "I have not the slightest feeling of humility toward the public—or to anything in existence,—but the eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty. . . ."[18] And beauty is the very heart and soul of poetry.

> Beauty is its own excuse for being,

and

> all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy.[19]

In *Sleep and Poetry* (1817), Keats emphasized the fact that the field of poetry is not reason and philosophy: its field is the free play of the imagination, and its aim is the creation of beauty.[20]

Keats, in his consideration of the imagination, again, unlike Wordsworth and Coleridge, does not attempt to distinguish between imagination and fancy, but impressionistically writes to his friend Bailey:[21]

> I long to be talking about the imagination. . . . I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections, and the truth of Imagination. What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth—whether it existed before or not,—for I have the same idea of all our passions as of Love: they are all, in their sublime, creative of essential Beauty. In a Word, you may know my favourite speculation by my first Book [*Endymion*] . . . The Imagination may be compared to Adam's dream,—he awoke and found it truth:—I am more zealous in this affair, because I have never yet been able to perceive how anything can be known for truth by consecutive reasoning—and yet it must be. . . . However it may be, O for a life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts!

By sensations Keats means "the direct intuitions of the imagination."[22] Keats's often quoted exclamation, "O for a life of sensations rather than of Thoughts!" when considered out of its context is misleading. As is obvious from the quotation given above, it enter into Keats's discussion of the imagination. Fur-

[17] Letter XXIV, p. 48.
[18] Letter XLVIII, p. 96.
[19] *Lamia*, lines 229ff.
[20] Oxford Keats, *Sleep and Poetry*, lines 162-229, pp. 47-49.
[21] Letter XXII, p. 41f, to Benjamin Bailey, November 22, 1817.
[22] Colvin, p. 266.

thermore, there is what he calls high sensation with and without extensive knowledge, the former being needful to thinking people: it takes away the heat and fever.[23]

In that famous "mansion" passage in his letter of May 3, 1818, to his friend Reynolds, Keats gives much pertinent criticism not only of Milton and Wordsworth, but also of himself. Human life, he says, is comparable to a large mansion of many apartments: the first is the Infant or Thoughtless Chamber, and the second is the Chamber of Maiden Thought which becomes darkened by misery, heart-break, pain, sickness, and oppression:[24]

> Thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages—We see not the balance of good and evil—we are in a mist—*we* are now in that state—We feel the "burden of the Mystery." To this point was Wordsworth come, as far as I can conceive, when he wrote "Tintern Abbey," and it seems to me that his Genius is explorative of those dark Passages. Now, if we live, and go on thinking, we too shall explore them—He is a genius and superior to us, in so far as he can, more than we, make discoveries and shed a light in them.

It seems to me from a very careful reading of Keats's poetry that, as he realized in this letter, he might have been very near the third of the fourth stages enumerated in Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey,* and probably most closely approached it in the *Fall of Hyperion,* but he was still groping in the "dark passages."

Before the publication of *Endymion,* Keats wrote his publisher, enumerating three axioms in poetry, and regretting the fact that his *Endymion* falls far short of his principles.[25]

> 1st. I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.

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[23]Letter LII, p. 104, to J. H. Reynolds, May 3, 1818. It cannot be denied, however, that Keats was a highly sensuous person and that most of his poetry makes a direct appeal to the senses. One of Keats's most recent critics thinks that there is detectable in his poetry a development of a conscious moral theory. This may be seen to some extent in the revision of *Hyperion,* but in some of his odes which were also of this later period, Keats's interest is emphatically centered on sensuous beauty.

[24]Letter LII, pp. 107-09, to J. H. Reynolds, May 3, 1818.

[25]Letter XXXIX, p. 77, to John Taylor, February 27, 1818.

> 2nd. Its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be, than to write it—And this leads me to
>
> Another axiom—That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all.

Here we have a good summary of Keats's scattered remarks on various poetic principles,—the negative capability, beauty, imagination, and sensation,—and these are particularly applicable to the poet's own work.

IV

Now for Keats's comments on his own poetry. One thing that particularly impresses one in reading his letters is the indifference with which he embodies some of his most beautiful poems in these letters, without the least comment. But this attitude did not indicate a lack of apprehension on his part of their shortcomings. He realized more than any one else his deficiencies:[26]

> Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own Works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could possibly inflict—and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine.

Keats struck the keynote of his verse in the 1817 volume in the motto from Spenser prefixed to it:

> What more felicity can fall to creature
> Than to enjoy delight with liberty?

In the poetry found in this little volume there are liberty, restraint from all classical rules, and an enthusiastic outpouring of the delight in nature, in romance, in friendship, and in poesy. As far as he is able to do so, he is carrying out his poetic theories with reference to beauty, imagination, and sensation. In this volume his attempts are always immature, and at times crude, but he

[26]Letter LXXII, p. 167, to James August Hessey, October 9, 1818.

knows his rules, and he is trying to apply them. Many of these poems, particularly *Sleep and Poetry*, are made to embody declarations of his literary beliefs.[27]

Keats wrote two prefaces for *Endymion*, while, in fact, he desired to write none at all. The first—a very frank and truthful statement on the part of Keats; too much so, in fact, to have appealed to the public—was discarded, as it was unanimously condemned by the young poet's friends. In the first draft Keats wrote:[28]

> So this Poem must rather be considered as an endeavour than a thing accomplished; a poor prologue to what, if I live, I humbly hope to do. In duty to the Public I should have kept it back for a year or two, knowing it to be so faulty: but I really cannot do so,—by repetition my favourite passages sound vapid in my ears, and I would rather redeem myself with a new Poem should this one be found of any interest. . . .
> . . . I have written to please myself, and in hopes to please others, and for a love of fame; if I neither please myself, nor others, nor get fame, of what consequence is Phraseology? . . .

With great reluctance Keats prepared a second Preface, which is almost as naïve as the first with reference to admitted failures and deficiencies of *Endymion*. These were immediately seized upon by the reviewers, and malignantly hurled back at the young poet. In this Preface, Keats admits that the poem exhibits "inexperience, immaturity . . . and a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished" on the part of the author.[29] He would delay publication and revise, but the "foundations are too sandy." He intends, however, to plod on, and finally write verses "fit to live." He attributes the "mawkishness" of *Endymion* to his immaturity. After its publication, however, he was all the more convinced of his immaturity, but it was the best he could do at the time:[30]

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[27]Oxford Keats, pp. 47-49, lines 161-229; Cf. also *Epistle to C. C. Clarke*, p. 31, lines 55-59; *Epistle to George Keats*, p. 27; *Epistle to G. F. Matthew*, p. 24ff.

[28]Lowell, I, p. 607.

[29]Oxford Keats, p. 56.

[30]Letter LXXII, pp. 167-68, to James Hessey, October 9, 1818.

> J. S.[31] is perfectly right in regard to the slip-shod Endymion. That it is so is no fault of mine. No!—though it may sound a little paradoxical. It is as good as I had power to make it —by myself—Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to fumble—I will write independently . . . I have written independently *without Judgment.* I may write independently, and *with Judgment,* hereafter. The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man: It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself—That which is creative must create itself— In Endymion, I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the Soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest.

A few months before his death, in writing Shelley concerning the latter's *The Cenci,* Keats refers to himself as the "writer of *Endymion* whose mind was like a pack of scattered cards."[32]

While there are clear indications of progress in Keats's poetic technique in *Endymion,* yet he is still consciously following his rules—there is his delight in the freedom of the expression of the imaginations and sensuous beauty. Of *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes and Other Poems,* published in 1820, Keats has very little to say, although this volume undoubtedly contains some of his best poetry. Of *Lamia,* which some critics consider magnificent for its inventive descriptions and which others think the finest of his longer poems, Keats said:[33]

> I have been reading over a part of a short poem I have composed lately, called Lamia, and I am certain there is that sort of fire in it that must take hold of people some way. Give them either pleasant or unpleasant sensation—what they want is a sensation of some sort. . . .

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[31]Referring to these words in John Scott's letter in his defence, *Morning Chronicle,* October 3, 1818: "That there are also many, very many passages indicating both haste and carelessness I will not deny; nay, I will go further, and assert that a real friend of the author would have dissuaded him from immediate publication."

[32]Letter CLV, p. 366.

[33]Letter CXVI, p. 294.

According to Woodhouse, Keats thought that the many triplets and alexandrines in *Lamia* were in character with the language and sentiment in those particular parts.[34]

Isabella, wrote Woodhouse, appeared to Keats as "mawkish." Taylor also recounts Keats's dislike for the poem. A letter of Keats to Woodhouse gives the poet's reasons for his dislike for *Isabella.*[35]

> I will give a few reasons why I shall persist in not publishing The Pot of Basil. It is too smokeable. I can get it smoak'd at the Carpenters shaving chimney much more cheaply. There is too much inexperience of line, and simplicity of knowledge in it—which might do very well after one's death, but not while one is alive. . . . *Isabella* is what I should call were I a reviewer "A weak-sided Poem" with an amusing sober-sadness about it . . . this will not do for the public. If I may so say, in my dramatic capacity I enter fully into the feeling: but in Propria Persona I should be apt to quiz myself. There is no objection of this kind to Lamia. . . .

He adds that there is a good deal of the same fault in *The Eve of St. Agnes,* but it is not so glaring, because it had been carefully revised.[36] Both Woodhouse and Taylor were opposed to some of these changes. For instance, the poet at one time changed the romantic close of his poem,[37]

> The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
> For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold,

into the slightly cynical

> The beadsman stiffen'd, 'twixt a sigh and laugh
> Ta'en sudden from his beads by one weak little cough.

Keats later, however, restored the original lines.[38] Woodhouse was particularly scandalized by the change that was to represent clearly Madeline and Porphyro as enjoying the full fruition of their love:[39]

> . . . as it is now altered, as soon as M. has declared her love, P. winds by degrees his arm round her, presses breast to

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[34]Lowell, II, p. 320.
[35]*Ibid.,* II, 337.
[36]Cf. particularly Stanza XXIV, and lines 3-4, of Stanza XXVI, Keats, pp. 221-22.
[37]Oxford Keats, p. 229.
[38]*Ibid.*
[39]Letter of Woodhouse, September 20, 1819, Lowell II, p. 318.

> breast, and acts all the acts of a bonafide husband, while she fancies she is only playing the part of a wife in a dream. This alteration is of about 3 stanzas.

When Woodhouse expresses his apprehension that the poem will not be fit for ladies to read, Keats retorts that he did not want ladies to read his poetry: he wrote for men. The three stanzas referred to by Woodhouse seem to be lost, the only hint of them being the very mild lines which were cancelled,

> See while she speaks his arms encroaching slow
> Have zon'd her, heart to heart—loud, loud the dark winds blow.

Of his odes, which all the critics esteem as some of Keats's best poetry, he has very little to say.[40] The *Ode to Psyche* he says he wrote leisurely, and he believes that it reads the more richly for that reason.[41]

In his *Preface to Endymion,* he had stated that he intended to return to Greek mythology in a later poem, which was to be *Hyperion.* He wrote to Haydon:[42]

> . . . In Endymion I think you may have many bits of the deep and sentimental cast the nature of "Hyperion" will lead me to treat it in a more naked and grecian Manner—and the march of passion and endeavour will be undeviating. . . .

He finally abandons the poem, however,[43]

> I have given up Hyperion—there are too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful or rather, artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be kept up.

At about this time he wrote to his brother in America that he considered *Paradise Lost,* though fine in itself, a corruption of our language, and that he thought Chatterton's English the purest of all English. "Chatterton's language is entirely northern. I prefer the native music of it to Milton's cut by feet. I have but lately stood on my guard against Milton. Life to him would be death

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[40]Cf. Ruskin, John, 1860, *Modern Painters,* Part VI, Ch. IX; Swinburne, A. C., 1882-86, Keats, *Encyclopaedia Britannica, Misc.,* p. 211; Rossetti, William M., 1887, *Life of John Keats* (Great Writers), p. 194; Bryant, William Cullen, 1870, *A New Library of Poetry and Song,* Introd., I, p 43. Cf. also H. W. Mabie, Sir Sidney Colvin, and Miss Amy Lowell on Keats's Odes.

[41]Letter XCII, to George and Georgiana Keats, p. 259, April 30, 1819.

[42]Letter, to Benjamin R. Haydon, January 23, 1818.

[43]Letter CXVII, p. 321, to J. H. Reynolds, September 22, 1819.

to me. Miltonic verse cannot be written, but is the verse of art. I wish to devote myself to another verse alone."[44]

Was the "other verse" the unparalleled verse of the Odes? Was it a conscious return to Shakespeare?[45] He believed that his great poetic expression was to be in the form of the drama. His *Otho the Great* and the few scenes of *King Stephen* are, however, interesting only because in plot, characterization, and expression they are imitations of Shakespeare. In *Otho the Great,* Brown and Keats collaborated. Brown was to furnish the poet with the title, characters, and dramatic conduct of the tragedy, and Keats was to express it in poetry. After the completion of this play, Brown suggested the subject of *King Stephen,* but Keats determined that he would write this play entirely alone.

It is possible that Keats's dislike for his poem *Isabella* was, in part, due to the fact that he apparently considered it less dramatic than *The Eve of St. Agnes* or *Lamia.* At least, this is the order he refers to these poems in his significant letter to Woodhouse.[46] At times he is confident of the success of his drama, *Otho the Great,* for one of his ambitions was "to make as great a revolution in modern dramatic writing as Kean had done in acting."[47] It would seem that it was finally accepted at Drury Lane Theatre with the promise of its coming out in the season of 1820, but it was never produced. Keats, however, does not willingly give up the idea of writing great drama; he will write poems throughout which he will diffuse the coloring of *The Eve of St. Agnes,* with emphasis on character and sentiment. A few such poems would "nerve" him up, he believes, to the writing of a few fine plays, his greatest ambition.[48]

In his letters, Keats makes very little reference to his other poems. To George, he encloses a copy of *The Eve of St. Mark,* with a few comments:[49]

> Some time since I began a poem called "The Eve of St. Mark," quite in the spirit of town quietude. I think it will give you the sensation of walking about an old country town

[44] Letter CXVI, pp. 313-14, to George and Georgiana Keats, September 22, 1819.
[45] Cf. Murry, p. 188, and p. 195.
[46] Lowell, II, p. 337.
[47] Letter CX, p. 280.
[48] Letter CXXV, p. 33.
[49] Letter ———, p. 302f.

> in a coolish evening. I know not whether I shall ever finish it! I will give it as far as I have gone. *Ut tibi placeat*—
>
> [Here he quotes the poem]
>
> I hope you will like this for all its carelessness. . . .

With reference to the eighth stanza of the exquisite imitation ballad, *La Belle Dame sans Merci,*

> She took me to her elfin grot
> And there she kept and sigh'd full sore,
> And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
> With kisses four . . .,

Keats writes:[50]

> Why four kisses—you will say—why four, because I wish to restrain the headlong impetuosity of my Muse—she would have fain said 'score' without hurting the rhyme—but we must temper the Imagination, as the Critics say, with Judgment. I was obliged to choose an even number, that both eyes might have fair play, and to speak truly I think two a piece quite sufficient. Suppose I had said seven there would have been three and a half a piece—a very awkward affair, and well got out of on my side. . . .

One of the poems that he wrote to "nerve him up" to writing drama was *Cap and Bells.* Of this poem, Keats wrote:[51]

> I have come to a determination not to publish anything I have now ready written: but for all that, to publish a poem before long, and that I hope to make a fine one. As the marvellous is the most enticing, and the surest guarantee of harmonious numbers, I have been endeavouring to persuade myself to untether Fancy, and to let her manage for herself.

Most of the critics think that such a poem as *Cap and Bells* was foreign to Keats's genius and unworthy of his endeavor, but Miss Lowell considers it as an experiment of Keats's in the field of satire.[52]

V

In summary, we can now make a few conclusions. No attempt, of course, in so short an essay as this has been made to trace the sources of Keats's poetry, but I have tried to show his tastes and critical judgments: sometimes he is the judicial critic, as, for instance, when he makes a comparison of Wordsworth and Milton

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[50]Letter XCII, p. 251.
[51]Letter CXXV, p. 33, to John Taylor, November 17, 1819.
[52]Lowell, II, pp. 367-69.

in his famous "mansion" passage; more often he is the appreciative critic, as when he, with reverence, criticizes Shakespeare—but he is always interpretive, if for no one else, then for himself. With reference to his contemporaries, he was always clear-visioned: while his theory of poetry was not that of the "Wordsworthian, or egotistical Sublime," he, nevertheless, saw the best that was in Wordsworth;[53] to him, Coleridge lacked "negative capability"; Byron, as a poet, was a "self-worshipper";[54] Shelley composed too rapidly,[55] without duly considering the purely artistic aim; and Hazlitt[56] was the only good "damner" [critic] of the age. Romantic idealist that he was, he often outgrew and pushed aside, for his own development and expansion, his former idols, such, for instance, as Leigh Hunt.[57]

I have also tried to show briefly that in his appreciation of the great poets, he built up a theory of poetry for himself. The fundamental poetic principles for him were the possession on the part of the poet of "negative capability," spontaneity of expression, and the expression of imaginative, sensuous beauty, not with Wordsworth's aim of upholding moral law, or Byron's advocacy of his own egotistical longings, or Shelley's voicing of impossible social reforms, but the expression of beauty, beauty alone, for its own sake. I have quoted at length, at times, from Keats's critical comments on his own poetry, which clearly indicate his appreciation not only of his poetic ability, but of his limitations as well. Few critics, even the most antagonistic, have given harsher expressions of Keats's shortcomings than he himself gave in his letters. Yet, it is undeniable that a sense of artistic restraint can be seen developing in Keats from *Endymion* to the *Odes,* and this is naturally reflected in his opinions of his poetry. In short, to repeat what I said in the beginning, Keats is one of the few poets in whom the poetical and critical faculties were united almost equally.

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[53]Letters XVXIV, p. 68; LII, pp. 107-09; and LXXX, pp. 248-49; Keats review of Reynold's *Peter Bell.*

[54]Oxford Keats, *The Fall of Hyperion,* lines 217-18, p. 448. Do not these lines refer to Byron?

[55]Letter CLV, p. 366.

[56]Letter XLIII, p. 87, to B. R. Haydon, March 21, 1818.

[57]Letter LXXX, p. 193, to George and Georgiana Keats, December 18, 1818.

SHELLEY'S OXFORD

"The history [of Shelley's life] carries us to Oxford, and I think of the clerical and respectable Oxford of those old times, the Oxford of Copleston, and the Kebles, and Hawkins. . . ."

So Matthew Arnold, in the eighties, referred to Shelley's Oxford, capping it with a characteristic phrase, "clerical and respectable," wistfully regretting the passing of the old Laudian Oxford which was legislated out of existence by the enactment of Parliamentary reforms of 1854 and 1877. Of the three representatives of that "clerical and respectable Oxford" mentioned by Arnold, only John Keble is today remembered, and he only, perhaps, by those acquainted with *The Christian Year*. Copleston and Hawkins are forgotten, while their Oxford is chiefly remembered for its failure to tolerate Shelley's vagaries, for its hasty action in expelling him.

Percy Bysshe Shelley entered University College, Oxford, early in October (Michaelmas Term), 1810, and was expelled on March 21, 1811. Only six months, but they were exciting ones in Oxford. Napoleon was then in the saddle of European affairs; British armies were meeting him in the Peninsula; Oxford, as in the last war, was drained of her youth; hysteria prevailed, as in the time of all wars. "Nervous Nellies" created a state of terror—a condition psychologically necessary for the proper conduct of a successful war. To this hysteria, to this terrorism, Shelley's debâcle may be ascribed. In the "clerical and respectable Oxford" of his time—a community rigorously bound by tradition, good form, and long-established custom—his activities were considered to be not only eccentric, but positively impertinent. They are mentioned with indulgent irony by a contemporary, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe:

> Talking of books, we have lately had a literary sun shine forth upon us here, before whom our former emissaries must hide their diminished heads—a Mr. Shelley of University College, who lives upon arsenic, acquafortis, half-an-hour's sleep in the night, and is greatly in love with Margaret Nicholson [who tried to assassinate George III]. He has lately published what he terms the Posthumous poems [of that unfortunate woman] . . . which, I am grieved to say, though stuffed full of treasons, is extremely dull, but the author is

> a great genius, and, if he be not clapped up in Bedlam, or hanged, will certainly prove one of the sweetest swans on the tuneful margin of the Charwell.

Shelley's biographers lead one to suppose by their manner of treating his expulsion that it was, given the same or similar causes, what might have happened at any time. His confidante, T. J. Hogg, whose *Shelley at Oxford* is our chief source of information on the matter, is curiously silent, giving in detail only the final interview which resulted in the expulsion. Dowden, in his monumental *Life of Shelley,* relies chiefly on an explanatory note appended to Robert Montgomery's poem, *Oxford* (1830), which relates that one Peter Walker, a don of Shelley's college, chanced to enter Slatter's bookshop in Oxford and, shocked by the profuse display of a newly published pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism,* immediately set to work to discover its author. Having found him, he had Shelley summoned before the college authorities and expelled. This does not tally with Shelley's own account.

> I became, in the popular sense of the word "God," an atheist. I printed a pamphlet avowing my opinions, and its occasion. I distributed this anonymously to men of thought and learning, wishing that Reason alone should decide on the case at issue. . . . Mr. Coplestone, at Oxford, among others, had the pamphlet; he showed it to the Master and Fellows of University College, and I was sent for. I was informed, that in case I denied the publication, no more would be said. I refused, and was expelled.

Mr. Roger Ingpen, though he had before him the letter containing this statement, mentioning by name the man directly responsible for the expulsion, signally failed to make anything out of the hint there given. His account of Shelley's Oxford is also decidedly faulty: "The Oxford of Shelley's time," he wrote in *Shelley in England,* "differed little from that of the Eighteenth Century, when Gibbon spent there the most idle and unprofitable fourteen months of his life." From the discussion of Shelley's Oxford, which I propose to give briefly, it will be evident that Mr. Ingpen's conception does not quite fit the facts. The purpose of this paper is to present Shelley's Oxford from Copleston's point of view and to show how the state of Oxford at that time explains Shelley's expulsion.

II.

Had Shelley's expulsion been merely an incident quite to be expected at any time, given similar causes, neither Robert Southey, two decades earlier, nor Algernon Swinburne, four decades later, would have escaped the same penalty. Southey, with his pantisocracy and Swinburne with his Whitmanian *Laus Veneris* and fiery republicanism—what typical Balliol men both were!—offended the good taste of authorities quite as much as did Shelley; yet those two Balliol poets continued their undergraduate careers unmolested. No, Shelley's expulsion was the outward sign of an inner movement then transforming Oxford; the first evidence of a reformation which, twenty years later, came to fruition in the Tractarian movement. The link between Shelley's expulsion and the launching of the great Oxford movement was one of the men mentioned by Arnold in the quotation which begins this paper—Edward Copleston, Fellow of Oriel and Professor of Poetry.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century, Oxford was so intimately connected with the Established Church that its thought was necessarily exclusively theological in character, a condition, however, which produced some defects. Ecclesiasticism, petty intrigues and ambitions, and the accumulated wealth of the separate colleges impoverished university thought and influence. Thomas Warton's *Progress of Discontent* (1762) and other verses in *The Oxford Sausage* give vivid suggestions of the almost incredible lethargy that existed in Oxford in the middle of the eighteenth century. In the world of scholarship the very name of "Oxford" was met with indifference, if not with contempt. "For a long time there has been no pretense of teaching there," wrote Adam Smith, in the *Wealth of Nations* (1776), a charge which the historian Gibbon corroborated and illustrated from his own personal experience as an undergraduate of Magdalen College, Oxford. In his *Memoirs* (1795), Gibbon arraigned Oxford as a place of "port and prejudice," given too completely to complacency, and over-indulgent in contemplating its "monkish reliques." "Except Methodism," wrote a Victorian head of an Oxford college, "the great movements of thought which underlay the artificial society of the Eighteenth Century had no connection with the University, and the minds which dominated politics and literature were trained in a wholly different school."[1] The Uni-

[1]G. C. Brodrick: *Memorials of Merton*, Oxford Historical Society, 1886.

versity, in short, was hopelessly antiquated and not at all disturbed by its decline in prestige and influence upon the life and thought of the time.

Oxford was then, more than now, only a colony of colleges; each of them was autonomous and complete unto itself, maintaining an almost superstitious reverence for its own statutes and regulations, which it considered as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. So it remained until the crash of 1789. But not even Oxford could resist the shock of the French Revolution. It is noteworthy that in the few years immediately following that cataclysm there were evidences of returning desire within Oxford to improve its conditions. In 1795, one of the colleges, Oriel, not until then especially pre-eminent, changed its method of electing fellows to its corporation and made possible conditions which, in the course of the next few decades, lifted it out of the mass of "port and prejudice colleges" and gave it commanding influence.[2] By this change, Oriel gathered a group of teachers of unusual ability and earnestness, whose daring arguments and free speculations made its Common Room a scandal among the more conservative colleges.

One of the first effects of Oriel upon Oxford was to revive serious study of Aristotle which, for more than a century, had been allowed to fall into neglect and which, because of the nature of university law, was the sole text-book of philosophy in Oxford. Another evidence of revival of scholarship was the tentative introduction, in 1800, of a final examination system which, after a successful trial of nine years, was permanently established as a part of the Oxford system in 1809, the year before Shelley matriculated. The effect of this was to raise intellectual and scholarly standards in all of the colleges and to introduce a somewhat stricter regimen in the reading of university men.

In these improvements, no attempt was made to alter the fundamentally literary and theological basis of the Oxonian system. The efforts of the reformers were directed wholly toward realizing afresh the possibilities of the Oxonian idea which had been codified into university statutes by Archbishop Laud in the reign

[2]Before 1795 fellows were elected to Oriel, as vacancies occurred, by those already on the foundation. Under that system, nepotism and favoritism flourished. The substitution of a competitive system which threw fellowships open to scholarship and promise changed the entire atmosphere of Oriel.

of Charles I. In 1808, however, the *Edinburgh Review,* which looked to the universities to take some part in leading the intellect of England, printed the first of a series of essays assailing the conservatism and obsoleteness of both of the old British universities, paying special attention to the logic-smitten state of Oxford. The criticism was particularly pointed and treated Oxford's cherished traditions with much asperity. To a considerable extent it was inspired by the Benthamite philosophy of utilitarianism; the reviewers, in short, looked upon Oxford as the last stronghold of a defunct philosophy of education, a hotbed of snobbishness, a center of theological die-hards, responsible for the lack of intellectual progress in England. Their sympathies were obviously with the aspirations and tendencies of the new German universities—then in the first flush of their remarkable development—where the sciences flourished. The reviewers said bluntly:

> We believe that it is chiefly in the public institutions of England that we are to seek for the causes of the lack of scientific knowledge in England, and particularly in the two great centers from which knowledge is supposed to radiate over all the rest of the island. In one of these, where the dictates of Aristotle are still listened to as infallible decrees, and where the infancy of science is mistaken for its maturity, the mathematical sciences have never flourished, and the scholar has no means of advancing beyond the mere elements of geometry.

The cleverest of the reviewers, the wit, Sidney Smith, reduced the idea of Oxford education to an absurdity:

> There never was a more complete instance in any country of such extravagant and overacted attachment to any branch of knowledge as that which obtains in this country with regard to classical literature. A young Englishman goes to school at six or seven years of age, and he remains in a course of instruction until 23 or 24 years of age. In all that time his sole and exclusive occupation is learning Latin and Greek; he has scarcely noticed that there is any other kind of excellence and the great system of facts with which he is most perfectly acquainted is the intrigues of the heathen gods, with whom Pan slept? with whom Jupiter? whom Apollo ravished? . . . His object is not to reason, imagine or invent, but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws to himself are a detection

> of an anapest in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius passed over, or the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe.

The Edinburgh reviewers' criticism of the dominantly ecclesiastical tone of Oxford was also devastating; too devastating, indeed, to be more than merely noticed here.

Criticism, however, has not only a corrective but also frequently a recuperative effect. It does not always remove evils; it provides the occasion—how often, indeed!—for a rationalization of that which is criticized. And that was the chief result of the untactful and pugnacious assault of the *Edinburgh Review*. Its criticisms, printed intermittently during the years 1809 to 1811, caused Oxonians to investigate the reasons for their faith in the Oxford system. The *Edinburgh Review* criticism caused one defender of Oxford to set down at length in a pamphlet notable for its logic a clear and unequivocal statement of the philosophy of education upon which Oxford rested. This champion was Edward Copleston, at that time Professor of Poetry and Fellow of Oriel. He was an able disputant, the leading exponent of Aristotle in Oxford. In replying to the *Edinburgh Review* he found an excellent opportunity for his powers of dialectic.

In 1810, the year in which Shelley entered University College, Copleston published his *Reply to the Calumnies of the Edinburgh Review,* which, in substance, was a rationale of the Oxonian theory of education. He justified Oxford's devotion to Aristotle and to other Greek and Latin classics, its indifference to scientific research, and its profound opposition to heterodoxy in religious or political opinion. He wrote:

> It is not the discovery of neutral salts, or the decomposition of alkalies that can alter the value of ancient literature—that can make elegance less powerful, poetry less charming, historical example less forcible, moral and political reflections less instructive. . . . Never let us believe that the improvement of chemical art, however much it may tend to the augmentation of a national riches, can suspend the use of that intellectual laboratory where the sages of Greece explored the hidden elements of which man consists and faithfully recorded all their discoveries.

The tone of the pamphlet, it will be seen from these extracts, was obviously militant, revealing the exasperated temper of a conservative Oxonian.

> If we can send out into the world an annual supply of men, whose minds are imbued with literature according to their several measures of capacity, impressed with what we hold to be the soundest principles of policy and religion, grounded in the elements of science, and taught how they may best direct their efforts to further attainments in that line; if with this common stock of which they all partake, they be encouraged afterward to strike off into the several professions and employments of life, to engage in the lesser circle of affairs, which the independent gentlemen of this country, and of this country only, conduct in their several neighborhoods; I think we do a greater and more solid good to the nation than if we sought to extend over Europe the fame of a few exalted individuals or to acquire renown by exploring untrodden regions and by holding up to the world, ever ready to admire what is new, the fruits of our discovery.

Concerning the Scriptures, he said that, although they had been corrupted, misinterpreted and perverted, so as to become an engine of fraud and error and blind fanaticism. . . .

> We hold it our especial duty to remedy and guard against; to keep constant watch around that sacred citadel, to make our countrymen look to it as a tower of strength, and to defend it against open and secret enemies.

The Edinburgh Review criticism and the Copleston's *Reply* were being discussed everywhere at the moment that Shelley published his *Necessity of Atheism.* It is not unlikely, indeed, that Shelley's impulse to write and publish it was inspired by his reading the criticisms in the *Edinburgh Review.* He himself said that he "distributed it anonymously to men of thought and learning," and that he took special pains to send Copleston a copy. What could have been more untactful?

III.

We may reconstruct the situation in the light of these conditions. Professor Copleston, smarting under the adverse attacks upon Oxford, and feeling deeply its obligation to the nation in theological opinion, himself the acknowledged defender of its faith, receives one fine morning from a certain "Jeremiah Stukeley" (Shelley's pseudonym) a thin pamphlet which struck at the very basis of what Copleston considered to be Oxford's sacred cause,

its fidelity to the apostolic faith. His mind was still full of the sounding phrases which made up his *Reply;* among others, that Oxford was "to execute an established system and to recommend what is thoroughly approved." *The Necessity of Atheism* certainly did not come within that prescription. The pamphlet had evidences of coming from an Oxonian undergraduate; it was on sale in the foremost Oxonian bookshop; and—there could be no doubt about it!—it was a challenge to orthodoxy. How natural, therefore, that Copleston should bestir himself immediately to discover the identity of this "Jeremiah Stukeley." He could do so the more easily since the writer of the pamphlet had not disguised his penmanship in the letter which accompanied it. He, therefore, lost no time in ferreting him out, and, through the proper authorities of the culprit's college, in pressing extreme action upon him. What could have been his satisfaction to discover that the author of *The Necessity of Atheism* was none other than that "mad Shelley" who had published what were claimed to be the poems of Meg Nicholson (the would-be-regicide); that Shelley, whose experiments in chemistry were so notorious as to gain for him, in Oxford, the reputation that he lived "on arsenic and acqua fortis," that Shelley who preferred Godwin's *Political Justice* to Aristotle's *Ethics*? Here was sufficient ground for the university to purge itself of a corrupting influence; Copleston felt that it was undoubtedly his duty to do everything in his power to have the culprit brought to light and punished, by the extremest penalty within the power of the university.

At this point one may dove-tail Dowden's account, derived from the appendix to Montgomery's *Oxford.*[3] Dowden's "Peter Walker" was a Fellow of University College. He may have been the one deputed to go to Slatter's shop and secure a copy of the subversive pamphlet. Examination of its contents proved Copleston to be right. Shelley was, therefore, immediately summoned.

The rest of the story must be told in Shelley's words, as recorded by Hogg:

> I was sent for suddenly a few minutes ago: I went to the Common-room where I found our Master and two or three of the Fellows. The Master produced a copy of the little syllabus, and asked me if I were the author of it. He spoke in a rude, abrupt and insolent tone. I begged to be informed

[3]Robert Montgomery, *Oxford,* 4th edition (1835), p. 168.

for what purpose he put the question. No answer was given; but the Master loudly and angrily repeated:

'Are you the author of this book?'

'If I can judge from your manner,' I said, 'you are resolved to punish me, if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case and for such a purpose. Such proceedings would become a court of inquisitors, but not free men in a free country.'

'Do you choose to deny that this is your composition?' the Master reiterated in the same rude and angry voice.

. . . [Shelley] told him calmly but firmly that [he] was determined not to answer any questions respecting the publication on the table. The Master immediately repeated his demand: I persisted in my refusal, and he said furiously:

'Then you are expelled. . . .'

With Copleston's pamphlet before us, it is not difficult to understand why Shelley's activities brought down upon him extreme penalty for his indiscretion. His refusal to conform to the requirements of Oxonian usage may be contrasted with Pater's study of Emerald Uthwart, who was supposed to be an undergraduate at Oxford during Shelley's residence. "The reader comprehends," Pater wrote, "that Uthwart was come where the *genius loci* was a strong one, with a claim to mold all who enter it to a perfect, uninquiring conformity to itself . . . the passive length of things impresses Uthwart now. It develops patience . . . our English manner of education is a development of patience, a decorous and mannerly patience. 'It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth; he putteth his mouth in the dust, he keepeth silence because he hath borne it upon him.' . . . The aim of a veritable community, says Plato, is not that this or that member of it should be disproportionately at ease, but that the whole should flourish, though, indeed, such general welfare might come around again in the loyal unity therein, and rest with him as a privilege of his individual being after all."

Submission, Pater would have us know, was the secret of Oxford's formative power; it was a reasonable condition for the development of those peculiar qualities which Oxford nurtured in her sons. Shelley, however, refused to submit. At every point he was at variance with the Oxford scheme, with her most cher-

ished loyalties; he detested Aristotle; he neglected Bishop Butler's *Analogy;* he assailed the Oxonian idea of God. His discourses with Hogg over the relative merits of German and Italian literatures, his passion for aeronautics, his dabblings in chemistry and geology, and his devotion to Plato (then the peculiar earmark of the detestable Cantab) were evidences of keen interests not then sanctioned by Oxford. His writing *The Necessity of Atheism,* his printing and distributing it, his refusal to acknowledge its authorship, was an excuse as well as a reason for his expulsion.

Shelley, on the other hand, had an opportunity to seize expediency and recant; in other words, to submit. By rejecting expediency, he saved his soul. In rejecting Shelley, pre-Tractarian Oxford revealed its own inadequacy and impotency.

Under a sounder view of higher education, Shelley's activities might have presented an interesting opportunity for wise and skilful handling by some don devoted more to a way of life than to some special theological belief. But before Oxford could learn that there are greater values in life than a mastery of logic, that there are nobler purposes of education than that which "executes an established system and recommends what is thoroughly approved," she needed a great spiritual experience.

Eleven years after Shelley's tragic death, Oxford had that experience. In 1833, the Tractarian movement was launched and soon passed under the triumphant leadership of one to whom Shelley's theological notions were anathema. The movement, of which Newman was the most eloquent voice, realized to the full the philosophy of Oxford which Copleston had rationalized and against which Shelley rebelled. Tractarianism was Aristotelian, theological, and monopic in tendency, but it was, as events later proved, both the last flicker of the old Oxford, and the glimmering of the new. Oxford, thereafter, through a wise tolerance, began to be what John Morley later described her: "a place from which so many noble ideas have come and are coming every day, in which every vision, though vain as the shadow of smoke, finds a home and finds disciples."

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER.

AN UNDAMAGED SOUL

A VICTORIAN AMERICAN: HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. By Herbert S. Gorman. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1926. Pp. 263.

When Lytton Strachey, back in 1921, published his *Queen Victoria,* he started something in American literature. It is, I believe, directly due to his masterpiece that biography is rapidly becoming the most profitable and popular form of book-making in America today. From the point of view of the critic and historian of American literature, this tendency is peculiarly significant, forming as it does an essential part of the larger movement which aims to re-examine and revalue the important figures in classic American writing.

Already, in Krutch's *Poe* and Hellman's *Irving,* this biographical fashion has produced two volumes of notable service in forming a proper critical estimate of these men. With certain others of our literary masters—men like Cooper, Lowell, Mark Twain, whose personalities are so strong and so sharply outlined that in a sense they write their own biographies—there is no great need for such work. But one man remains, particularly important both as one of the most representative writers of his day, and as one of the chief centers of the present controversy between ancients and moderns. And that man is Longfellow.

The history of Longfellow's literary reputation is in itself an interesting little study. My literary friends of the younger generation have in their minds a very clear picture of that history. From 1840 to 1910, they assure me, Longfellow was universally received as the great American poet. About 1910, the Greenwich Village iconoclasts began their exhilarating work, and so weak was the foundation on which the poet's reputation had been built, that it crumbled at a breath. Longfellow's name, they further tell me, from being one of the most honored in American letters, has become in a decade something like a literary cuss-word. It is a plain and simple story, and from it an instructive moral may be drawn. Unfortunately, like so many stories that furnish us with excellent morals, it isn't true. The fact is, that Longfellow's reputation has always been a two-storied structure. Among critics of intelligence, he was never rated much higher than he is at the present day. Thus, the two most intelligent American critics, at the time when Longfellow's reputation was being made,

were Poe and Margaret Fuller. What Poe thought of him is fairly well known; and Miranda, though more polite, was equally severe. Lowell, the great critical authority of the mid-century, was a personal friend. Unable to attack Longfellow, he says as little about him as possible.[1] From Lowell, the critical sceptre passed to Stedman, gentlest of critics. And in 1880 we find Stedman profuse in his apologies for Longfellow—apologies that are the plainest evidence of a generally adverse criticism—, and even in his apology admitting that the poet "often taught by choice the primary class."

So much for the upper room of criticism. But there remains another public to be considered. He still is, and probably will long remain, the favorite poet of children under twelve, uncultivated and sentimental spinsters and teachers in the public schools. Among such as these, his reputation rests solidly on his merits, and is utterly unaffected by the favorable or adverse tone of current literary criticism. That he was ever received in more censorious circles was due to personal reasons only. His very fragile reputation was made by the strenuous efforts of Felton and the *North American Review,* and preserved for a time by being carefully packed in cotton wool and kept under glass. It was Longfellow's good fortune that he was a person of charming manners, who lived in Boston when all literary opinion in America was made in Boston. He was too nice a man for the neighbors to throw bricks at. It was a kindlier age than ours.

The same charming, gentle nature that kept his poetry from being touched by the rude fingers of the hostile critic also blinded his biographers. There are three standard biographies on the market. They all say the same thing: "He was a gentle, charming man. Don't step closer, or you may muss up the halo." And now comes Mr. Gorman. I confess that when I read the announcement of Mr. Gorman's biography—especially when I noted its significant title, *A Victorian American,*—my anticipations were a bit mixed. I am naturally suspicious of anyone who uses "Victorian" as a derisive epithet; and I at once thought of Mr.

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[1]It is worth noting that in *The Fable for Critics,* half the space given to Longfellow is filled with pleasant remarks about his pleasant personality, and half the rest is devoted to finding fault with him for writing hexameters.

Gorman as a young-man-who-writes-for-the-*Mercury*. I looked for something nearer to burlesque than to biography—for devastating cleverness, spicy revelations, riotous mud-slinging, and in general, fun without truth. I was agreeably disappointed.

There are no spicy revelations. Apparently, there are no skeletons in the Longfellow closet—no Wordsworthian wild oat, no Poe-esque perversions, no Stevensonian racketing about town, not even an Irvingite persistence in proposals. Nine-tenths of Mr. Gorman's facts are drawn from the quarry of Samuel Longfellow's three-volume *Life and Letters*. But a comparison of the two biographies only makes clearer the superiority of Mr. Gorman's work. Tearing down the rose-colored draperies hung by brother Samuel before the shrine, Mr. Gorman fills in the vague outlines of the traditional portrait. Like all true portrait painters, he produces in the end something that is at once a picture and a criticism. This is in the fullest sense, a critical biography.

What, then, is he really like, this scholar-poet-confessor? In his youth, we must admit, he is pretty much of a prig. Too thin-skinned for the rough and tumble of a public school, beginning at eighteen to be solicitious about his health, searching for an exercise less irksome than wood-chopping, and finding it in shadow-boxing, model student, more than a little of a dandy—he is not altogether likable. And already he has, not so much a desire to write as an itch for literary renown; and even in passionate youth, his strongest and most genuine passion is for books.

As he grows older, he mellows. His manner gains in ease. He is genuinely fond of people, genuinely considerate of others' feelings. He develops a sense of humor—not very burly, without much malice, but none the less genuine. He manifests a very strong liking for female company—provided the female be young and charming. His letters abound with references to pretty faces, and even—tell it not in Boston—to neat ankles. He had a character, after all; in spite of all its limitations, a not unpleasing character. I can best show Mr. Gorman's admirable mixture of sympathy and criticism in treating that character by a quotation. He is speaking of the poet's old age.

> The springs of being have run down, and as their blithe and busy whir diminishes, he depends more and more on the sedentary delights of Craigie House. To sit in his study, to hold a new—or, for the most part, old—book in his hand, to

gossip with Greene, to greet visitors with just the proper degree of benignity, to write the few scattered utterances of his weary poetical being, or to dream away the hours at Portland, these are the things that are left. He relishes his days, tasting life now as he tastes the Falernian from his cellar, as he draws in the rich aroma of his Havana cigar, with a deliberate and unexcited zest.

The calm years as a professor at Bowdoin follow, preceded by the bright interlude of courtship in the rose-garden at Portland, and then unfold the long seasons at Cambridge with their multitude of activities and friends, seasons that witness the steady growth and umbrageous spread of a talent which is colored and informed with felicity, charm, mellowness, and melody. It is all a trifle thin, perhaps. Not once have the deep springs of life been touched in living verse. Not once have the passionate eagerness and sorrows of existence been plumbed. Yet tragedy has visited him. The Dark Face has turned her burning eyes upon him. And possibly a thought of that tragic Christmas so long ago when he enveloped his burning and perishing wife in a rug comes back to him. He has known terror and pity and he has been incapable of projecting them in any single line that he has written. But even so he has spread like the day's broad sunshine over the land of his birth. . . . He has lived like a kindly sage. His leonine head is the head of a Homer emasculated by a simple kindliness that is the pleasurable outgrowth of Puritanism. He has been pure. He has been calm and facile and religious.

So much for a sample of Mr. Gorman. He has given us a portrait that is alive—painted with strokes at once kindly and critical. He has sketched in, with that kind of historical and literary scholarship that brings dead things to life again, Portland in the early years of the century, Bowdoin in its backwoods, Cambridge and the Cambridge circle. And he has done it all in a style that is in itself a work of art.

There are, however, one or two points in regard to Longfellow's character and work which I feel Mr. Gorman has neglected. One of these is his relation to Puritanism. We are in the habit of thinking of all New Englanders of the last century as Puritans. If we are to apply this term to Longfellow, we must redefine it. A Puritan, I take it, is characterized by independence in thought,

by his abhorrence of sensuous charms, by his sharp consciousness of sin, and by his desire to reform the world. In none of these things, I believe, does Longfellow qualify. Brought up in a mild Unitarianism, he never advanced further in dissent; not so much from any vital conviction of the truth of his doctrines, as from spiritual inertia. His general platitudinousness is due, not to any hypocrisy, but to an almost total lack of speculation. Interesting, and very un-Puritanical, are his reactions to Roman Catholicism. Here is his first impression of a cathedral. "The religious twilight of the place, the lamps that burned over the distant altar, the kneeling crowd, the tinkling bell, and the chant of the evening service that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes, filled me with new and intense emotions." Here, and all through his life, he obviously takes a subdued and purely aesthetic delight in ritual. Thirty years later, he would have been a Broad Church Episcopalian with ritualistic leanings. But a real Puritan would have muttered about "the scarlet woman," or "the ——" (but that is too Biblical!)

Of the genuine Puritan's burning hatred of sin, Longfellow shows not a trace. Not that he was morally lax, but by some strange means he managed to preserve, throughout a life of literary study and European travel, a curious, virginal innocence. He drinks wine with no temptation to Bohemian orgies, smokes cigars without moral degradation, and appreciates a pretty face. He is the incarnation of Barrett Wendell's theory of "national inexperience." All this makes him a much more pleasant man to have around the house, but it is bad for his poetry. Literature, after all, like law and medicine and religion, is a scavenger trade.

Mr. Gorman, like almost all critics of Longfellow, ascribes to the poet technical perfection; and here, I think, he is absolutely wrong. Facility in finding words that rhyme and in writing lines that scan he undoubtedly had; but that is not technical perfection. In fact, I am convinced that the real trouble with Longfellow's poetry is not his bookishness. Books make books, and poets make poets. Keats alone is enough to prove the point. Nor is it due to his trite morals. Tennyson rivals him in this, and yet Tennyson is a great poet. His great trouble is primarily metrical. Meters have a character of their own; trochaic meter, for instance, is a light, tripping, trivial sort of thing. Milton shows a clear sense of

its proper use in *L'Allegro* when, to express a carefree gaiety, he turns from the prevailing iambic to such lines as

> Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest and youthful Jollity,
> Come and trip it as you go
> On the light fantastic toe.

And it is worthy of note that Milton does not attempt to carry out this meter at any length, but slips back quickly into iambic again. Milton, master of rhythm that he was, knew that the English trochee is essentially an unnatural thing, that very soon degenerates into sing-song. But Longfellow seems to have had a positive addiction to the trochee. Of the nine poems in the *Voices of the Night,* four are trochaic. Half the trouble with that famous atrocity, the *Psalm of Life,* is the ridiculous contrast between the would-be solemnity of the idea, and the tinkly dance-measure in which it is expressed. Another result of this metrical weakness is the hexameters of *Evangeline.* Unlike Lowell, I have no theoretic objection to hexameters. But as Poe long ago showed us, if you print the hexameters of *Evangeline* as prose, they are prose. And a third poetical vice that runs all through Longfellow—a vice so evident and so murderous to true poetry that I can't see why no one has pointed it out before—is his habit of throwing accents on prepositions, conjunctions, articles. Examples are thick as falling leaves in October. I give only half a dozen, and have italicized the words emphasized:

> *And* things *Are* not *What* they *Seem.*
> *When* the hours of day are numbered,
> *And* the voices of the night—
> *And* she sits and gazes *at* me
> *With* those deep and tender eyes—
> *In* the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas—
> *But* which women reject as insipid, is not as insulting—

For a better proof still, read all of *Hiawatha.*

But whether or not we like Longfellow matters little. He will continue to be, as he now is, the elect poet of the fifth grade. And those of us who do not like Longfellow, yet are interested in him as a representative figure in American literature of the last century, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Gorman, who has made a man out of a myth, and incidentally given us one of the best and most readable literary biographies yet produced in this country.

GEORGE E. DEMILLE.

Green Island, New York.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. By Oswald Spengler, Ph.D. Translated from the German by Charles Francis Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. Pp. xviii, 443.

This is one of the few great books of recent times. It shows by mountains of facts that our Occidental civilization is materialistic, or scientifically irreligious, and hence is dying—if not already practically dead. And naturally, in order to show that, the book at the same time has to re-establish an alive, vigorous religion, or body of truth. Spengler starts us on that new life while delivering his deeply and justly respectful, but enormously amusing, funeral oration over the dead orthodox authorities—and their followers who prefer to pass out with them.

Of equal interest is the fact that the book has been enthusiastically welcomed by the German people and is being given earnest attention by scholars throughout Europe. For the fact intimates that the Germans, and after them the rest of Europe, are starting to repudiate the scientific materialism which led to the World War, and are being reborn into a sound and youthful religion or culture. It is the first widespread gleam of light and hope I have been able to catch since agnostic and materialistic science got the world into war. In America Fundamentalists are successfully objecting to orthodox science; but that movement is only temporarily hopeful, as Fundamentalists use the same essential method (of dogma, or basic "assumptions") that exact scientists use, and hence can not avoid final failure.

Spengler's thesis or proposition is twofold: (1) As to *substance* or the truth itself, all observed facts show that the world is continuous, organic, alive, or finally is an infinite unity, commonly named God— whereas science dogmatically holds the opposite or materialistic view: that the universe is discontinuous, atomic, or made of exact electrons and quanta. (2) As to *method* or the expression of truth, all orthodox ways of stating such basic unity have failed, by trying to talk or "reason" from isolated thing (or premise) to isolated thing (or premise); and Spengler decides that therefore he will use no such orthodox "reasoning" (which he tries by mere words to un-isolate or get together the alleged really isolated), but will use the common man's poetic or historical method of talking, which flouts that atomic or split-up "logic" of the authorities.

Because he thus uses the great novelists' common-sense method

of "arguing," he is convincing—emotionally moves all except the more degenerate materialists. But in order to use that everyday method, he has to write at great length (200,000 words in this translated half of the original German); and his logic, being thus only implicit, is hard to follow. I never read a harder book—or a more profoundly sound one. As reviews must be brief, I shall have to state Spengler's poetic or soundly religious reasoning explicitly here—although thus to give the bare skeleton sacrifices the convincing power of the book.

The youthful healthy individual, or the young society (which Spengler calls a "culture"), correctly observes the universe as a continuity, an organism or living being, a unit, One, or God. Growing older, the culture finds it useful *in practical matters* to regard that universe or One as being separated into parts (as being a "Many') which are re-united, or work or *act-react* together, or really are *related* into a One: the culture thus consistently holds that the related-Many *is* the One. But always heretofore, as that culture grew still older, its leading men tended to emphasize and deal with the parts or Many with such exaggerated or extreme "practicalness," that they forgot or overlooked the fact that those convenient parts are not really isolated, but are really related parts, or a One. So the leaders insisted that the Many, or *separated* gobs of "matter," or materialism, is the truth, and self-contradictorily "reasoned" from isolated thing to isolated thing. And as that (actually non-existent) separated or discontinuous Many obviously flatly contradicted the continuous One or God, the culture's leaders denied God—either with honesty and courageous openness, named atheism; or by evasively saying that they knew nothing of any God, a view named agnosticism or cynicism. The culture had passed its clear-seeing prime, and became over-sophisticated or blind to basic facts, and had changed into what Spengler calls a "civilization"—and, because fundamentally wrong, was dying.

That last paragraph is Spengler's argument. The fundamental truth, and the obviously logical or self-consistent *general* expression of that basic truth, is: The related-Many is the One or God.

That general expression of the truth may be soundly given in an unending number of ways. Spengler does not explicitly give that simple form at all (his favorite name for the One is "his-

tory"). He shows that ten (more or less distinguishable) cultures are historically known, and that each has expressed that basic truth in somewhat different ways or "symbols." With a flood of facts he proves that ordinarily the culture's leaders finally grew so grossly extremist or "scientific" in trying to deal most effectively with the Many, that they overlooked and substantially denied relationship, and thus asserted that a separated atomic Many or materialism or atheism is truth—"reasoned" from unrelated or isolated thing to isolated thing. The more common names for "relationship" are *morality, value, ideal, beauty, law, principle*—all of which are dropped when relationship is dropped. And obviously, as soon as the universe was thus erroneously asserted by a culture's leaders to be an un-related or broken up, an inorganic or dead, warring or "struggling," godless swarm of material electrons or quanta, it is a mere truism that the people of that too sophisticated civilization no longer saw any need of morality, no longer recognized any real values or beauties or principles, and despaired of answering the question, *What's it all about, and for; and what's the use?*—and because they thus "didn't know," were timid, restless, futile, and unhappy. So the civilization died—*was* thus dead,—and a young sound culture was born among the few people who refused to follow those materialistic authorities.

Thus the principles or explanations of history are as clear as day, even though the mass of fairly reliable historical facts is enormous and complex. The ten cultures (mostly dying as "civilizations") which Spengler deals with are: the Assyrian-Babylonian, Egyptian, Chinese, Indian (Hindu), Minoan (Crete), classical (Greek-Roman), Mayan (apparently killed in youth), Russian (still young and much confused), Arabian (beginning with the Christian religions), and the Western (ours—beginning with the Crusades, and the Gothic revival of the Christianity that had degenerated into materialism in its original home, and is now again degenerated into authoritative materialism and irreligion). Nearly all of this Englished volume of Spengler is devoted to the facts which show that classical, Arabian, and Western cultures-civilizations (the three of greatest interest to us) followed just those simple historic principles that underlie all life. (I don't what is in the remaining German volume of the work, as I can't read German.)

Spengler gives facts of history, customs, politics, literature, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, religion, philosophy, and science—noting especially the facts in the basic sciences of mathematics, logic, physics and chemistry, and biology. He shows definitely that those facts are all to the same purport—agree with and prove the foregoing thesis. I am not a competent judge of how accurately he states the facts in history and the arts. But I am reasonably competent to judge his accuracy in religion, philosophy, and science, and to judge whether he consistently reasons about (classifies or relates) the facts he alleges. I can detect dozens of inaccuracies in my field of competence, and hundreds of little slips in consistency (mostly logical vaguenesses, but sometimes more seriously a tendency to be scientifically exact or materialistic himself). However, in comparison with his whole work, those flaws are, in my judgment, almost negligible. Spengler himself points out that such minor crudenesses are humanly unavoidable in such pioneer work. We, unfortunately, are all tainted with scientific irreligion or exactness—even the Fundamentalists. O God . . . have mercy upon us miserable sinners!

It is pertinent to mention an article on this translation (in the reliable *Nineteenth Century,* October, 1926), by a well-informed writer who apparently had read all of Spengler in the German, and the voluminous collected discussion of the book by German authorities, and also a British book recently published (in this country by Boni and Liveright) which expands the political aspect of Spengler's thesis. For there are two most illuminating points in that article. (1) It states that some of the greatest authorities in history and the arts find in Spengler's book only minor inaccuracies in their fields. (2) And the article rather more than implies that authoritative scientists, *the* leaders in our falling Western civilization, have so far failed to notice the book—although we should naturally think that the scientists would have much professional concern, as well as a clear public responsibility, in the matter of Spengler's definite attack upon science. The writer of that article explicitly suggests that Rutherford (a Nobel-prize physicist-chemist), or some similar authority, should show us intelligibly whether Spengler correctly states his facts which prove that science is now at bottom essentially wrong and a failure (in spite of the many highly useful correct details it has discovered), and that scientists are now leading the West to its down-

fall—just as scientists (under other names) led other civilizations to materialistic death.

So far as I can find, no scientific orthodox authority has yet accepted that obvious public duty to discuss a book that many other accepted authorities consider substantially sound. Therefore, the facts available obviously prove that authoritative scientists are thus far closed-minded, spiritually dead, publicly irresponsible towards this highly reputable and competent challenge to their fundamental principles and leadership. Such closed-mindedness is itself excellent proof that Spengler is substantially sound in his demonstration that science is at bottom wrong and dogmatic.

In sum, developing facts are fast crucially proving Spengler to be right. But he properly makes no definite prediction of events —human circumstances are vastly too numerous and complicated. The simple fact is that our orthodox leadership, especially in science, is already spiritually dead (i.e., mentally degenerate and dogmatic). The amount of trouble, pain, and wars we get into in the future depends chiefly upon how much we common people and workaday scholars will continue our habit of following these orthodox authorities.

The religious or genuinely continuous truth is simple, and readily available to all of us—at the expense of a little hard work by each man in breaking his old mental habits of materialism (discontinuous or atomic or exact "thinking"—really not thinking) and of agnosticism (admittedly not thinking). Those who will do that work are thereby born into a young and alive happiness, or culture, or religion—essentially equivalent to Christ's. Those who prefer to follow the degenerate authorities, and those who are so weak and spoiled by docile previous following that they can't stop, will have plenty of pain and unhappiness. The leaders themselves are doomed except for the extremely rare ones who can reform themselves. Theoretically, science can easily reform and become sound. Practically, prominent scientists are not much more likely to reform than the leopard is to change his spots.

No man can reliably predict when, or just how, the tide will turn. If enough of us follow the dead authorities, especially in orthodox physics and mathematics and biology (and their echoes in shallow cynical novels and plays), we shall disintegrate pretty much as Rome did. As always before, it depends upon each in-

dividual's choice—and character. The materialist's character at bottom is degenerate—as Spengler irrefutably and convincingly shows.

S. KLYCE.

Winchester, Massachusetts.

ASPECTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By Rachel Annand Taylor, with a Preface by Gilbert Murray. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1923.

Says Dr. Gilbert Murray in his preface to Mrs. Taylor's brilliant volume, *Aspects of the Italian Renaissance*, "The great difference between an artistic criticism and a practical judgment is fairly plain. In the practical judgment what matters is the *result* . . . You have to decide right, not to appreciate. But in the artistic or creative criticism the important thing is not so much to decide right as to see, to understand, to find joy and beauty and inspiration, and of course, to enable others to do the same."

Mrs. Taylor's study is eminently an artistic and creative criticism. It is a picture sketched in bold strokes and brilliant colors of an age that strove above all else for expression of individuality; vignettes of the "lightbearers, those who were neither melodramatic nor villainous, but men and women of *virtu*," Vittorio de Feltre, Castiglione's Courtier, Niccolo de' Niccoli, Isabella and Beatrice d'Este; of the cities, those vital, throbbing personalities—Venice, isolated, splendidly mistress of the Adriatic; Milan, opulent, stately; Florence, living in eternal flux, experimental, temporizing; Naples, soft, gracious, siren-like, odalisque of a despot; finally peaceful and scholarly Rome, distracted by terrific anomalies—the strokes of an impressionist brush suggesting with dabs of brilliant color the scenes and actors in that age of ferment and new found joy in life. The chapters with rapid, pregnant sentences lay in a mosaic of dizzy color the outstanding events, the rich achievements of that time of unfolding and new birth. The vital personalities, the typical characters, the scholar, the artist, the courtier, the prince, the lady of high degree, the poet, the churchman, pope and cardinal and simple monk are presented. Of course, to quote Dr. Murray again, "it follows that a good artistic criticism is biased. Not because the artist is indifferent to truth, but because in order fully to appreciate his subject and to extract from it all the meaning he can find, he has to throw him-

self into it without reserve. . . . Certainly I can not promise that a reader will find in this volume the white light of impersonal judgment or that the right man will always be hanged." Nevertheless the reader of Mrs. Taylor's pages will savor and sense the Renaissance and, in a way, enter into its inner meaning. Perhaps the most illuminating comment the reviewer can make is to select, almost at random, sentences and quotations, and so enable the reader to examine the details of the picture Mrs. Taylor has drawn. For example:

> Mediaevalism is apprehended not by intellectual processes, but by intuitions and hints of dreamlike experience, by that dark unconscious logic of emotions which reconciles the antinomies of the world behind the reason, mysterious wrack of the wisdom of sense and feeling, dim subsoil of immemorial antiquities, unhallowed, monstrous, yet stuff of unimaginable richness, whence the serenest and loftiest forms of art and philosophy rise slowly like great lilies, while the goblin fungi race in growth, although those are yet more deeply rooted in that clay than these.

And again:

> The Middle Ages, although they work themselves over with the minute consistent doctrine of the schoolmen, and concentrate like most women and all dreaming children, on inventories and controversies of material affairs, live, while they present the anxious doctrine of Thomas Aquinas and the careful account of the Yearbooks, by the great unreasonable doctrine of ecstasy, by the eternal earth-rapture covered by the Dionysiac myth, and the mystery of the Mass, and music, and love, and faith. . . . It is indeed like a dream, the history of Europe from the tenth to the fourteenth centuries. There is a vision of close-pressed towns, girdled with walls and clasped with gates, their buildings rising everywhere in points of piercing sweetness and anguish, a thicket of spears and rose-bearing thorns, where civic life beats feverishly round the centres of Cathedral, University, Court and Belfry, nervous centres that are continually seized with convulsions of pleasure, cruelty, adoration, terror, rebellion. . . . The supreme achievement, then, of the Middle Ages is the coil of miracle and myth, rapture and sense, which was its perplexed conception of Christianity. The mediaeval Church could not, certainly, according to the indictment of its own Saints, sepa-

rate the satyr from the angel, nor purge its priesthood of the craft, sensuality, cruelty, deceit that cleave to traffickers in things occult, a folk distraught by ambiguous matters.

Here is a comparison of Mediaeval and Renaissance spirit:

> The core of Mediaevalism was the dream of love and its opposites; the core of the Renaissance is the dream of beauty and its antitypes.

Mrs. Taylor describes the Renaissance art of life thus:

> So was developed an art of life, built round, with scenic architecture of cathedrals and palaces, set divinely, woven of action, love, diplomacy, music, madrigals, pictures, gems, lovely brocaded persons, Latin orations. This artistic product lay nobly open, more or less, to the public eye. The castle became a palace, the garden enclosed, a loggia, the college an academy, the guild-house a thing of beauty. . . . every child born into a city of Renaissance Italy entered into a heritage of visible beauty, which quickened the pulses day by day, a life of processions, festivals, public squares, made marvellous by the greatest genius the place could buy, for it was not yet an era when the people could be put off with trash. They moved freely in the august presence of great art, for bad art had not yet been invented.

And of the synthesizing element of this age of contrasts, she says:

> The real note of the Renaissance is not its violence of contraries, but its conscious yearning after the reconciliation of contraries, some synthesis to bring into harmony all the gods, all the desires, all the curiosities. . . . These people could be Pagan and Christian at once, and with evident sincerity,

Mrs. Taylor holds that the end of the Renaissance artist is the development of personality:

> For the end of the greatest Renaissance artist, like that of those he wrought for, was personality . . . the Renaissance knew that the many-petalled flower of personality, which it especially desired to cultivate, demanded the rich soil of leisure and splendid intercourse.

Which is but another way to say that, having cast off the classical tradition, the Renaissance had embraced the romantic ideal,

was ever straining after the infinite. This is what their cult of magnificence betokens, the desire for the finest, the richest, the greatest. And this is what their striving after knowledge meant—the desire to reach beyond the stars. According to Mrs. Taylor, the perfect Renaissance line, which sums up the aspirations and the attainments of that golden age, is Marlowe's

Still climbing after knowledge infinite.

MARGARET J. H. MYERS.

Bairnwick, Sewanee.

CICERO AND HIS INFLUENCE. By John C. Rolfe, Ph.D., Professor of Latin Language and Literature, University of Pennsylvania. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1923. Pp. 178.

The "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" library has been planned and prepared with the avowed intention of stimulating the study of the classics. In the present volume, *Cicero and His Influence*, Professor Rolfe has prepared an excellent brief for classical training and the central position of the classics in our educational system.

In citation after citation from the writings of historians and philosophers, statesmen, theologians, orators, and poets during the span of years from Cicero's day to our own, the powerful moulding influence that the great Tully has exerted in shaping the philosophy and the literary style of the leaders of succeeding generations is made apparent. The Emperor Augustus characterized Cicero to his grandson as "an eloquent and learned man, and a true lover of his country." Livy, the elder Pliny, Fronto, the elder Seneca, Quintilian, the younger Pliny, St. Ambrose, are a few of those whose verdicts in the centuries succeeding his death placed Cicero, "the first to be called Father of his Country," chief also in his influence on the development of Latin prose.

But Professor Rolfe has not been satisfied simply to show the effect of Cicero upon his native literature; he has traced the formative influence exerted by this master of the Latin language upon the developing vernacular of Italy, England, and Germany. It was Petrarch's intense admiration of Cicero which caused the revival of the study of classical Latin at the dawn of the Renaissance. The Venerable Bede is recognized as an emulator of Ciceronian eloquence. Martin Luther was an ardent admirer of Cicero. Those were the days when the use of a single word not

found in this master's writings was disallowed. One recalls Browning's bishop who, in ordering his tomb at St. Praxed's, insisted on

> Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word.

This spirit of slavish imitation was assailed by Erasmus and the more clear-headed, who maintained that thorough study of rhetorical knowledge and constant practice in writing Latin, together with an intimate knowledge of the subject—the principles for which Cicero stood—could produce the spirit of Cicero where mere aping could not. Professor Rolfe points out that the inevitable result of such imitation is to make Latin a "dead language." On the other hand, the treatment of Latin in a broad spirit, recognizing its development since the days of the classical writers, and its need for further growth and expansion, would, he suggests, not only revivify Latin among scholars but even re-establish Latin as a medium of international communication and save the world from the threat of Esperanto or Ido or some other artificial language. The effect of Latin as an international language with its permanence and extension as a part of the school curriculum would result in a refinement and broadening of culture, whereas an increased impetus toward materialism would inevitably follow were emphasis placed upon purely utilitarian ends and upon celerity of acquisition, and were such a get-knowledge-quick short-cut developed as an artificial international language. Professor Rolfe further points out that William II set his face against the study of the classics in German schools, and substituted for them so-called practical studies, with the result that the Germany of 1914 was no longer a truly classically educated country.

Perhaps the reviewer has over-emphasized the inner purpose of the present volume, the development of which covers only a few paragraphs. Professor Rolfe has devoted his hundred and seventy odd pages to a careful examination of the charges popularly brought against Cicero, against his character, his administration of political offices, his personal life, his philosophy, and his method and style as orator and letter-writer. He has meticulously refuted each charge, and presented in a sympathetic and understanding spirit the sincere and public-spirited defender of liberty, the Cicero who, Voltaire said, "taught us to think," who, according to Dimsdale, "fitted the Latin language to be a vehicle for

philosophic thought, and achieved a style which is the basis of modern European prose." Perhaps if Professor Rolfe had been less meticulous and formal, and had not piled up quotation after quotation with such dizzying rapidity, if his style had been less technical and more glowing, he would have better achieved the end he had in view. Nevertheless the volume is a commendable addition to the "Debt to Greece and Rome" library and easily wins the case it has set itself to prove—the primary value of the classics as the basis of liberal education.

MARGARET J. H. MYERS.

Bairnwick, Sewanee.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Vol. I, Later Poems; Vol. II, Plays in Prose and Verse; Vol. III, Plays and Controversies; Vol. IV, Essays; Vol. V, Early Poems and Stories. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

In no other English poet is the supernatural so predominant, so seductive, woven in so many definite patterns so real in their beauty. Yeats himself wrote: "When supernatural events begin, a man first doubts his own testimony, but when they repeat themselves again and again, he doubts all human testimony." From the first he aimed to make the elusive corporeal, and the world of demons, fairies, and angels visibly real and intense. From the first he wished to tell:

> Of the dim wisdoms old and deep,
> That God gives unto men in sleep.

Lyric poetry was Yeats's first important work. Those early lyrics were close to the workaday life of man, close to the dreams and struggles of peasant folk, as in *Ballad of Father Gilligan* and *The Man Who Dreamed of Fairyland*. He did not seek to foster the Irish spirit for narrow patriotic reasons; he used it only as a medium in which to express the Irish beliefs embodied in folk-song and story. He explored the ancient Gaelic mythology not as a nationalist, but as a seeker for poetry and life and faith. Never did he forswear the earth, never did he hide himself in ancient legends as in a refuge from earth-sorrows. His heroes always return to the ever-living land, yearn to return to it, and his spirits ever hover about cottages and barns and fields, as in *The Wanderings of Oisin*, or *The Old Age of Queen Maeve*, or *Baile and Aillinn*. The fairyland is only the symbol of pure

poetry; in some cases definitely so, at times abstract and unintelligible; at times decorative; at times personal for the poet. His idealism was his message to mankind, his call to the hills:

> For there the mystical brotherhood
> Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
> And river and stream work out their will;
> And God stands winding his lonely horn,
> And time and the world are ever in flight;
> And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
> And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

Yeats turned to the drama because lyric poetry seemed too confining, because in the drama the idealism of the supernatural was allowed to work in action as well as in thought, organic and inherent in the very texture of life and character. The supernatural has often been used by the dramatist as a medium of thought about fate, life, morals, art, from the Greeks to Ibsen and Maeterlinck. In the drama the scale is vaster. He did not desert his first dream of youth when he wrote: "Let us go forth, the tellers of tales, and seize upon whatever prey the heart may long for. Everything exists, everything is true, and the earth is only a little dust under our feet." The drama offered a surer scope for his youth's dreams. He dramatized folk tales and he wrote plays based on Gaelic myths; in the first he could not escape from earth's realities, and in the myth-plays he would not, but used the opportunity of elaborating the contrasts between worldly and spiritual motives. He sought an escape from the moralizing world, not from life, and what he sought was the life of pure art. Maire Bruin, in *The Land of Heart's Desire,* is called away by the fairies to a land "where nobody gets old and godly and grave," to be out of this dull world, to ride the free wind, dance on the mountains like a flame. Such idealisms may be elusive, but they are not vague, and it is not the poet's sin that a misunderstanding dull world shrugged its shoulders and called him a mystic fleeing from life. What, whose, life?

The new fuller experience and thought of Yeats appear in the later prose and poetry, especially in *Per Amica Silentia Lunae,* and in *The Wild Swans at Coole,* a thing of immense sincerity, originality, beauty, from the beginning to *Ego Dominus Tuus* and *Michael Robartes.* And what magnificence there is in the seven brief poems *Upon a Dying Lady,* unconventional poems of piety without religiosity. These final poems are things of personal

emotion, of search for concrete beauty, and discovery. He ends as he began in life: brave, gay, sincere as youth is, and at ease and distinguished as age is.

E. W. Jones.

Robert Burns. By John Drinkwater. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 1925.

Picturesque and romantic as we have always regarded the figure of Burns, the presentation of this figure in drama is no easy task. Mr. Drinkwater's chief difficulties are inherent in the subject itself. The life of Burns was a tragedy, but it was hardly a dramatic tragedy. We are not required, however, to test this drama by established rules of tragedy. The author is creating a new type of play, the controlling merit of which is the sympathetic portrayal of an historic character in the authentic setting. In *Robert Burns,* as in his earlier *Abraham Lincoln,* the author is true to history. In spite of difficulties, he has written an interesting play; for, however it may fail dramatically, this play is not dull. Mr. Drinkwater has succeeded by two devices: the happy selection of episodes from the life of Burns, and the making of these episodes settings for some of Burns's best songs. In the first scene, one hundred and thirty lines belong to Burns and one hundred and fifty to the author of the play; this ratio obtains approximately throughout the play.

The importance of *Robert Burns* to the world of English letters lies in its interpretation of the Scottish bard. Mr. Drinkwater shows us a side of Burns which such writers as Carlyle had overlooked. We have been accustomed to think of Burns as a fountain of pure song, but we have not thought of him as a revolutionary spirit raging against the injustices of the society in which he found himself. The emphasis in the play is thus typically modern. The courage, fairness, and sincerity of Burns stand in striking contrast to the insincere conventional morality of Holy Willie, and the cold propriety of Mr. Armour. Burns suffers, partly from circumstances which he cannot control, and partly from his own weakness. His friends flatter, but with few exceptions they do nothing to help him. Mr. Drinkwater is skilful in the use of contrasts. Thus, in Scene II, Burns turns scornfully from the representatives of respectable society to welcome a band of beggars; in Scenes V and VI the pathos of Burns's disappoint-

ment is emphasized by the farm laborer Willie Campbell's reproving Burns for neglecting the farm just before Mr. Fenton arrives to bring the poet the congratulations of his London friends; and, saddest of all, the emigrants pass the house of Burns and sing his songs, while within, he, disappointed, is almost at the point of death. The reader of this play will feel the truth of Holmes's lines on "The Lark of Scotia's Morning Sky:"

> He left his land her sweetest song
> And earth her saddest story.

THOMAS N. CARRUTHERS.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright. In two volumes. 1926.

After ten years of silence, Dreiser has returned from themes of high finance to populated towns and streets he loved to explore in the earlier days of *Sister Carrie* or *Jennie Gerhardt*. His new novel, *An American Tragedy*, is the bulkiest among his bulky works, and it has all the familiar defects of size, formlessness, and clumsiness of style. And one hears again the echoes of familiar but thoughtless complaining that he is so unbeautiful. We do not like the springless wagon-ride behind oxen on rutted country roads. There is no speed, no glamor, no humor, no cadence, no crushed perfume, and no cool refuge for the heart's refinement in Dreiser's style. But as for me, he holds me steadfast to the end, fascinated, this steadfast ox-cart driver with his story so authentic and inevitable, so complete of integrity with itself and the materials, so tragic in its nerveless gestures. It is not a story of smiling cultivated fields and of trim secluded garden-plots, nor of a land with tamed, channeled rivers sparkling in the springtime sun. His is primitive prairie; a dark continent; a muddy, sprawling, untameable Mississippi, carrying the life of farm and forest on its vast expanse, unmoving if one watches it at one point, yet majestic, rude in its passion, and steady in its power and magnitude if one looks at it, Father of Waters, from the north to the Gulf. Then it seems no longer still and muddy; then it has color, persuasiveness, ease of force.

A dark continent. A brutish, planless life of cities, grand hotels, factories, clubs. The inheritance of lawless traditions of getting on in the blood. Predatory man, with murder in his heart, unassimilating the symmetry and beautiful ordering of his delicate

machinery, and so breaking and ravishing the root-ends and the root-needs of life. Passionate, personal success. Mawkish sentiment. Optimism. And the human wolf-cub fed on hypocrisy, squalid ambitions, and the vulgar pap of evangelism, avid for ready cash and the things cash buys. Clyde Griffith—one of millions spawned of a vast industrialism, trivial bits of humanity living extinguished lives before the sun is at mid-day, left with nothing save the ambition to get on and to possess, dreaming of the beauty of girls and money, money which will buy position and beauty and meaning of life perhaps. Clyde is legion—wolf-weaklings entangled in little sins and desirings, committing murder in their hearts every day; wolf-weaklings who can neither wholly will nor act, whom passion finds defenceless and unprepared, but leading them on just the same and just as inevitably to kill the dead unstruggling prey. A lawless order, strong in possessions. A lost, bewildered man-cub. Murder. . . . Who is the murderer?

Millions murdered of spirit, and millions murdering at heart, this is the American tragedy, the universal tragedy of a sweating, on-getting, incoherent, moralistic industrialism, the muddy current of our untamed and chaotic existence. The claws of the beast are in our souls. And Dreiser is touched by the tragic failure of our being in its innermost relationships, moved by the strangeness of life, and the sanctities of our human contacts floundering in the brutal mass of matter. He loves life, insatiably, in all its significances and irrelevancies, the whole wealth of life he cherishes, the mighty current surging around and under all the agitated particles of mankind carried resistlessly on, massive, always terrible. Whither? There is no answer. We move darkly on the boundless current of life—victims, victims all: Clyde, his mother, Roberta, Sondra, doctor, factory hands, foremen, bellhops, the powerful collar-magnate, the frail and the competent, all unimportant, without the strength to put meaning in life, and so without the truth of life by which man lives. Occasionally a gleam of beauty and tenderness—O Clyde and O Roberta in the brief moment of love under the dark-blue sky—and then swallowed by darkness and driven to inevitable doom; again unmeaningness, again helplessness. And humbly, kindly, helplessly, the genius of Dreiser is looking on, touching every one with his pity, condemning no one, ridiculing nothing. And what he sees he tells honestly, brokenly, as a man reeling and befuddled by the terror of things seen. Mur-

der, in fact, and greater murdering of the human spirit. Here one goes puzzled to die in the electric chair; one will return to preaching on street-corners; one to the manufacturing of more collars, more collars. . . . And the heart trembles in the unrelenting grasp of some ancient god. . . .

E. M. K.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A PORCUPINE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By D. H. Lawrence. Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. 1925. pp. 240.

Lawrence is the skylark among contemporary writers of prose, but a skylark scornful of the earth below. He knows no nest. We like his voice, or do not like his voice, or fear to say we like it, and none can recollect in tranquillity his song leaping somewhere in the empyrean as a flame. I remember reading confused and wondering his *Women in Love,* and am sure that I shall be wondering long about this collection of essays. "The Crown" is the title of the longest, filling nearly half of the glittering throne, of which the other members are, "Him With His Tail In His Mouth," "Blessed Are the Powerful," "Love Was Once a Little Boy," "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine." A report or an estimate of these would be unavailing. I catch his leaping, thrilling notes, but not the burden of a song. I see his phosphorescent dartings leaving traces of glowing moments, but they but brokenly indicate the course of his flying thought. I cannot measure him with the dimensions and logic of the earth. Mark this: "The providing of *life* belongs to the aristocrat. If a man, whether by thought or action, makes *life,* he is an aristocrat." And close by is this: "The providing of food, money, and amusement belongs, truly, to the servant class." Vaguely I understand that *life* (italics always by Lawrence) and human arrangements, such as food and matings and nests, are incommensurable, that *life* means the flame, the enlarging of the boundaries of thought and feeling. Fie on all nests and broods below! Thus the blithesome premeditated song of the flaming essayist.

If one is careless, young, lusty and dreamful by turns, and from the start refuses to look for a philosophic thesis here, one may enjoy these rhapsodies, the poetry, the bright emotion, the exuberant mysticism, and the witchery of words, words, words. The soul of Lawrence cries one message to the world: Burn! Burn! Burn! Be vivid! Life is a flame! His is the power and glow of oratory,

of singing words, dashing bright-plumed cavalcades of words out of some beginning into everlasting day. The nearest answer about the meaning of life and flaming I find in this passage:

> We travel across between the great opposites of the Beginning and the End, the eternal night and the everlasting day. . . . First of all the flesh develops in splendor and glory out of the prolific darkness, begotten by the light it develops to a great triumph, till it dances in glory of itself before the Ark, naked in glory of itself in the procession of heroes traveling toward the wise goddess, the white light, the Mind, the light which the vessel of living darkness has caught and captured within itself, and holds in triumph. The flesh of darkness triumphant circles round the treasure of light which it has enveloped, which it calls the Mind, and this is the ecstasy, the dance before the Ark, the Bacchic delirium."

Let no fool read him indoors, in the flare of the gas-jet. Let no fool put the flame into cool meaningful words. Imprison no flame. Stand aside, and see it leap, burn, break in a million sparks. How beautiful a conflagration is at night!

E. M. K.

EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1926. pp. 319.

Education is a terrible risk. To rear a child in the wool of a carefully planned regimen and then to turn him loose to the mercies of a public or private school—later of college—and expect to see him return home with all your most fervent expectations realized is to hazard all confidence in the present scheme of organized education. For educational postulates and dogmas still possess the field; even in the best schools and colleges of this country, the deadly conception of education—originated by nobody knows whom—still prevails: the principle of external compulsion, the principle of setting a fixed and inflexible curriculum which imposes "disciplinary tasks" upon an uninterested and frequently resisting pupil. External compulsion *versus* internal propulsion: there lies the battle-front today in education. Though Mr. Bertrand Russell himself nowhere in his *Education and the Good Life* used these two phrases, it is obvious from his drift that he thoroughly believes in the "internal propulsion" principle as the secret of the education which leads to "the good life."

The book consists of three parts. The first, entitled, "Education and the Good Life," consists of an essay criticizing the postulates of modern educational theory and another on the aims of education; the second, entitled, "Education of Character," consists of ten chapters suggesting methods to be followed in the formative years of a child's life in the effort to make him aware of and to meet his moral obligations; the third, entitled, "Intellectual Education," consists of six chapters devoted to the later years of the child's life, at school and the university. If we consider how many debatable convictions on modern issues Mr. Russell holds, his book is laudably clear of polemics. "What I have to say," he comments, "is the outcome of perplexities in regard to my own children; it is, therefore, not remote or theoretical, and may, I hope, help to clarify the thoughts of other parents faced with a like perplexity, whether in the way of agreement with my conclusions or the opposite. . . . I distinguish between education of character and education in knowledge, which may be called instruction in the strict sense. The distinction is useful, though not ultimate: some virtues are required in a pupil who is to become instructed, and much knowledge is required for the successful practice of many important virtues."

The continuity of the great and ennobling principles of nineteenth century rationalism may be seen in Mr. Russell's work. He has himself confessed his discipleship to Leslie Stephen, but had he not done so, the ethical quality of his rationalism would be obvious to anyone familiar with the efforts of John Stuart Mill, George Eliot, Benjamin Jowett, John Morley, and the Stephens. To perceive this relationship makes us less aware of the abyss which yawns between the last century and this. If Victorian rationalism was ethical at its core, then what we of today need is not less Victorianism, but more. We need the Victorian's sturdy faith in the integrity of the mind to work at materials squarely and bravely faced; and we need to bulwark that faith with an insistent generosity, an enduring patience, and a sturdy optimism. It is right and proper, in our confused and aimless era which so desperately needs light, that Bertrand Russell should carry over the fine qualities of nineteenth century rationalism in which his own attitudes were formed to his study of the problem of education.

Education is no true substitute for religion; yet for the rational-

ist who finds it impossible to reconcile mysticism with rationalism, education holds the hope for the future which religion ought to hold. To Bertrand Russell, education and the possibilities of education in preparing for what Randolph Bourne called "the Beloved Community" give the fervor which the triumphs of the Church Militant gave to Saint Dominic. And to many who patiently endure what they consider the merest time-serving of the Church in the present era, Bertrand Russell and other unchurched prophets like him offer a hope and means for the correction of social inadequacies which, alas! they think the Church does not. Here is the hope: "I have now tried to bring before the reader the wonderful possibilities which are now open to us. Think what it would mean: health, freedom, happiness, kindness, intelligence, all nearly universal. In one generation, if we chose, we could bring the millenium."

If this is unbridled optimism, it is merely the assertion of a confidence springing out of one conviction pitted against the skepticism of that conviction which doubts the "changeability" of human nature. "Those who like existing evils," says Mr. Russell, "are fond of asserting that human nature cannot be changed. If they mean that it cannot be changed after six years old, there is a measure of truth in what they say. If they mean that nothing can be done to alter the instincts and reflexes with which an infant is born, they are again more or less in the right, though, of course, eugenics could, and perhaps will, produce remarkable results even here. But if they mean, as they usually do, that there is no way of producing an adult population whose behavior will be radically different from that of existing populations, they are flying in the face of all modern psychology."

Valuable as the book is, it omits discussion of two serious matters which one might have expected Mr. Russell to have treated. He deliberately omits the cultivation of the sense of beauty in a child. If he approves education in the physiology of sex, why does he not include the building up of a sense of aesthetic values in his scheme of training? Without that, his canons of fearlessness, love, endurance, and the rest lack meaning, tangibility. Then, too, reflecting, perhaps, the upper-class ideal of education in which he himself was reared, he places extravagant stress on the development of individualism; and, indeed, in many places reduces the teacher to the position of intellectual retainer. How

about the development of the *social* instincts, the *group-sense*, the team-play tendencies? What sort of a "world-saviour" is this who has no word for development of altruism through the tangible group? Obviously, in one whose own aesthetic and social sense is so strong, Mr. Russell's omissions are the more noticeable.

Yet in spite of these omissions his spirit, his style, his fine large temper are admirable. He is the type of the romantic radical (how different a radical was our own young Randolph Bourne; read his "Parent for a Day," for instance!), a theorizing aristocrat, a gallant, tolerant individualist. He doesn't understand the world of the masses, the civilization that's being shaped by democracy and industrialism. Education is his refuge, and, of course—education in individualism. No wonder he fears Christianity!

W. S. K.

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY: THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION. In five volumes—Vol. I, The Birth of Christianity; Vol. II, The Builders of the Church; Vol. III, The Rise of the Modern Churches; Vol. IV, Christianity and Modern Thought; Vol. V, Christianity Today and Tomorrow New York: Dodd Mead & Company. 1926.

Christianity and civilization are here used as interchangeable terms. Christianity is the story of an expanding and transforming influence in human history, from its birth and childhood in Palestine to the present. This new work, in which over one hundred writers have participated, does not shun the divisions, discordances, conflicts, crimes; but it places the emphasis on the essential, underlying unity, on the endless readaptations to meet the changing processes and needs of life. This essential unity is found in the individual experiences of Jesus as the Saviour of man, in the gospel as the way of life; an experience which is fundamentally the vivid, memoried experience of the human race through the centuries of change in the social and political life.

The editors of this great enterprise have conceived their task in a spirit of charity and large-mindedness. These volumes relate the sublime faith of Christianity, but don't overlook the ridiculous errors. The Borgias and the St. Bernards rub shoulders here. There are no gaps, no omissions, no silences, and nothing unfavorable, as nothing important, is struck out. Believer and atheist, if still inclined to continue their disputes, will find here ammunition in plenty for their sport; or if tolerant and truth-loving, they will gain in understanding. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, for instance,

writes the essay on the story of Bethlehem, and while he accepts the virgin birth for himself he refuses to regard it as essential for others. The story of the Crucifixion is related both as history and as mysticism, and Dr. Ernest F. Scott goes so far as to assert that six out of the seven sayings from the Cross are "doubtful." The splendid essays on heresy by Dr. Foakes Jackson disclose the historic paradox (it will surely discomfort the atheist) that the real conflicts on dogma and faith were for centuries fought out within the ecclesiastical orders, and not between the laity and the church; that the early heretics were churchmen, and the early deniers of the divinity of Christ almost always bishops and priests. The laity it was which was "strongly on the side of orthodoxy." I must permit myself one correction; this was undeniably true at a time when education and intellectual speculation were the practical monopoly of the clergy; but with the spread of education and the growing contact of workers and thinkers with science and machinery, the new conflict did appear as one distinctly between the churches and laity.

For our modern times, the last two volumes of the *Outline* are particularly significant. They carry the reader into the very flux of life. The list of contributors is imposing: Dean Inge, Professors Michael I. Pupin, William Adams Brown, George A. Coe, John Erskine, Dr. Goodspeed, Dr. Moulton, Edward C. Moore, Dr. Jacks, and many others. Every subject is explored for the correlation of science and Christianity—the physical sciences, all the social sciences, education, the theatre, criticism, music, inter-racial relations, diplomacy, crime, finance, public health, not a phase of modern industrial civilization is left out. In these articles we clearly realize the dynamic force of Christianity as a releaser of religious energy for the upbuilding of life, and as a source of social righteousness in the world. There is no appeal made to the authority of either church or Scripture. There is no assumption or vain believing that reconciliation between religion and science is complete; what is assumed is that there is "the new desire for mutual understanding, . . . the weakening of the old dogmatisms on both sides," as Dean Inge puts it. And Dr. Jacks is even more outspoken, for he sees that our great failure today is in the fact that individual idealism in all walks of life is darkly overshadowed by insincere, unnatural social relations, and he demands, "What is the use of discussing whether your form of Christianity or mine

is the right one, so long as both of us have a secret feeling that neither of us, if judged by the moral standard of our religion, has the right to call himself a Christian at all?" This is salutary, refreshing as the sea-winds; this is our basis of hope that a new adjustment of Christianity to life is possible, and a new transformation in civilization within our reach.

The five tomes are profusely illustrated, beautifully printed, impressive for the variety and scope of the material. The essays are almost always clear-cut, keen, familiar in style; for the layman it is distinctly a small university. It is a book for all mankind of all creeds and nationalities and professions, as it is the collective scholarship of men representing all creeds and nationalities and professions. One may take issue with an individual here and there, but one can hardly quarrel with a faculty of over one hundred scholars. As one reads, one is amazed at the great variations of dogma and organization, and even more amazed at the tremendous unity of our faith as the way of life for the individual and society. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are diversities of ministrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all."

E. W. Jones.

The Book of Marriage. Arranged and edited by Count Hermann Keyserling. New York. Harcourt, Brace. 1926.

The Book of Marriage is offered as a help to all those who realize the "terribly serious crisis" through which marriage today is passing. It is a collection of twenty-four essays, not only edited but orchestrated by Count Keyserling. His method, as he tells us, was "to formulate clearly the requisite questions and arguments and to seek the persons best suited to deal with them." Naturally, then, the contributors, though differing widely in viewpoint and opinion, do reinforce and re-echo a single philosophy of marriage.

This central doctrine is set forth in Part I, Count Keyserling's "Correct Statement of the Marriage Problem." Marriage is not simply a natural function but "an ideal common to all humanity." Its basis is natural passion, but its aim is ethical perfection. Love, propagation, self-preservation, are its elements but not its essence. For marriage is not the solution of the problem of happiness but the acceptance of responsibility, yes, of tragedy. "In marriage

tragic tension is instinctively accepted as the basis of life." Marriage is "a system of eternal validity," yet "it is not a fixed or static state"; its content must change, whenever one of the "poles," the partners, change, as the modern woman has done. It is a problem that must be solved ever anew—a problem increasingly difficult as men and women become more individualized, more developed. Hence, modern marriage is a high art, involving not only the proper choice of partners (a subject to which Count Keyserling devotes a later chapter) but the keeping of "distance" or reserve, and the recognizing of the peculiar qualities, the equality of rights, and the need of growth of each partner. Marriage thus conceived demands daily and hourly self-sacrifice and renunciation, yet it brings its great reward: "where conjugal happiness is achieved, it outweighs all possible sufferings."

Such, reduced to its simplest terms, is the message, the *leit-motiv,* of *The Book of Marriage.* Unfortunately much of this essay and of others is couched in a jargon of formidable teutonic abstractions. Such phraseology as "matrimonial polarization" and "will to selective amalgamation" tends not only to obscure the sense of the argument but to dim its reality. The homespun everyday fabric of marriage becomes a kind of metaphysical substance in a disputation of medieval schoolmen! The scientifically-minded reader may be alienated by this dogmatic, this super-mortal tone. And so the reviewer's first task is to try to disengage from its encumbering verbiage the very human meaning of this ponderous, fascinating volume.

The remainder of the book, divided into Part II: Marriage in Space and Time, and Part III: Marriage as an Eternal Problem, repeats the theme in many keys. Rabindranath Tagore, in setting forth the strength and weakness of the Indian ideal of marriage, characterizes the marriage system all over the world as a barrier to true union, with a phrase worthy of John Stuart Mill: "that is why man, by dint of his efforts to bind woman, has made her the strongest of fetters for his own bondage"; yet echoes the *leit-motiv* of the book: the faith "that society is a manifestation of the spirit." Ricarda Huch criticizes "Romantic Marriage," with its insistence on the liberty and supremacy of love, as blind to the needs of the child, of society, of human nature itself; but marriage must be no petty bondage; it must "compel mankind to take it seriously, to reverence it, and to wrestle with it." The eminent

novelists, Jacob Wasserman and Thomas Mann, contribute realistic pictures of "Bourgeois Marriage" and of "Marriage in Transition"; but the latter, after depicting the "irritability" of the modern marriage, finds at its heart "a deep-rooted community of fortune, union in life, as well as through the children"; a piety that "develops into a more or less conscious and discipline-creating sense of the sacramental character of marriage as 'creative love.'"

Part III, The Eternal Problem of Marriage, seemingly the most remote, is actually the most vital, for here the science and the art of marriage are treated with many-sided wisdom. On the one hand, Dr. Jung's grave discussion of "Marriage as a Psychological Relationship" sets forth some typical crucial situations and suggests the way out: the knowledge that each "must find in himself the security he was always looking for in the other . . . the gift of undividedness." On the other hand, Havelock Ellis glorifies that Art of Love of which he has become the divining, inspiring prophet.

One is tempted to pause over the women contributors. As a whole, their candor, their courage, their lack of sentimentalism augur well for "the marriage of the future." They can face the prospect of increasing divorce and more frequent extra-marital relationships without losing faith in the permanence of marriage as a life-long partnership, secured by self-discipline and loyalty. Beatrice M. Hinkle's "Marriage in the New World," is one of the outstanding essays in the book. Searchingly she probes the causes of the breakdown of marriage in the United States; showing how the development of woman from pioneer wife and mother through yesterday's parasite of leisure to today's independent business and industrial worker has revolutionized her whole attitude toward life and marriage, making her demand recognition as an individual first, and as wife and mother second. Realizing the ugly and destructive aspects of this revolution and its accompanying chaos, she yet discerns a new ideal of individual responsibility in marriage arising in place of the old ideal of family and social duty. She appeals to women to help create a new marriage "in which the sense of justice, of consideration, of understanding, and of forbearance toward others shall be born," to bring forth "the new humanity which is crying to be born."

The chief value of such a book is its thought-provoking quality. Whatever of its content the open-minded reader rejects,

he must be stirred to meet the marriage problem, in his own life or in society, more fearlessly, more creatively. The American reader in particular must be shaken out of any lingering traces of complacency. Whether or not Count Keyserling convinces him that "conventional marriage," "the ethos of a definite cultural order," is the highest type, he must face the fact that our own romantic ideal has in practice degenerated into what Ernest Boyd calls "the Great American Illusion—Happiness in Every Box!" It is our mad pursuit of a "happiness" of passion and sensation that has betrayed us to the shame of our tabloids and our divorce trials. "Not Happiness but Blessedness!" The old Victorian prophet seems a voice crying in the wilderness of our moral chaos, yet every happy marriage is in very truth a "sacrament" of devotion. What *The Book of Marriage* presents is not really a new interpretation of marriage but an age-old experience of life.

F. W. K.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS. By Carl Sandburg. Two volumes. Pp. 480, 482. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926.

In every way this is a different, a new kind of biography. Nicolay and Hay's will be remembered for their documents, Lord Charnwood's for political penetration, Dr. Barton's for his almost incredible thoroughness, but Sandburg's is a work of both biography and social history clothed in epic splendor. It is rich in details, and it is no less scholarly than the work of the most painstaking academician would be. He acquainted himself with the towns and hills and rivers of Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois; he explored all written records, songs, proverbs, superstitions, jests, and tools used at home and on the farm, everything that went into the culture that has shaped the life of Lincoln. Not a fact is too small for him: "Orchards were being planted with new kinds of apple trees, Winter Sweets, Red Streaks, Red Russets, Yellow Hearts, Rainbows." The work is so permeated with the poet's own imagination, his dramatic sense of nature and character, that the thousands of little details seem to transform the story into a masterpiece of literature.

The thing of moment in Mr. Sandburg's biography is the vast life of a country in settlement, the tides of land-hungry conquering humanity beating in waves of endless migration against the virginal continent, the land that was molding the folk-lore Lincoln.

"He has enough outline and lights and shadows and changing tints to call out portraits of him in his Illinois backgrounds and settings —even had he never been elected President."

Lincoln may be seen first as the product of prairie loneliness. "He lived with trees, with the bush wet with shining raindrops, with the burning bush of autumn, with the lone wild duck, riding a north wind and crying down on a line north to south, the faces of open sky and weather, the axe which is an individual one-man instrument, these he had for companions, books, friends, talkers, chums of his endless changing soliloquies." But even more was Lincoln the product, the converging point of vast changes that were going on. Before his cabin door on the Knob Creek farm in Kentucky moved the endless trains of pioneers, land speculators, trappers, hunters, traders, peddlers, politicians, preachers. He ran a ferry-boat across the Ohio, he spent seasons on the Mississippi, he felt the pulse of life in the cosmopolitan market places and taverns of New Orleans, and before he was twenty-two, when he went to clerk in New Salem, he was caught in the tangle of cotton and industry, forces that were changing the face of Europe and America. Lincoln grew up when the industrial and agricultural regions were being cemented by waterways and railways with a wider world outside, and in his personal life he lived from the stage of settler and rafter to farm law and railway law. Here, then, was a man of nature's own apprenticeship who could look at the new world cleanly, without class prejudices of city and old plantation. In his day striking workers in New York carried a banner reading, "Hunger is a sharp thorn." There were poverty and dire want in the new factory towns. A wealthy Virginian was proposing the extension of the principle of slavery to all classes without distinction of race, the division of the public lands among "responsible" men and the attaching of the unemployed and the poor to the soil for life. Lincoln understood the inner disharmony of social systems as no man did. This story Mr. Sandburg tells with dignity and beauty, the story of prairie settlement, cotton, and factory slavery. Against this background the personality of Lincoln is revelative, intimate, smacking of the soil and freedom.

We see the Great Emancipator in a thousand human contacts, familiar to readers. Everything is told with dignity and without shuffling—the daily labors, the legal cases, office seeking, story telling, debates, to the last act of roping his own trunks before

leaving Springfield for the White House. The story of Nancy Hanks, his love for Ann Rutledge, all is treated freshly and restrainedly. About Mary Todd Lincoln he writes, "a child who has strayed into the wrong room." This is fair-mindedness, respecting the little woman of small prestiges and flowered china on her own ground. A different respect goes to the giant in whom the idea of revolution and freedom survived in an age of social entanglements and political struggles for power of class against class. We are still living in the social entanglements that came with railway and factory, with the age that nourished Lincoln. It is of these complexities that Sandburg is the distinctive writer of a new kind of biography. The shaping power of the frontier has had its historians, its economic and political expounders. It has remained for the poet to give us the living epic of the frontier, an epic compounded of the same materials which the researchers in history and economics have dug up, but materials made flesh and bone and blood in the person of Lincoln.

W. E. H.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

I Heard A Sailor. By Wilfred Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. Pp. 133.

One lyric only bears this caption which is expressive of the whole. The mystery that belongs to the sea and seafaring is enveloping all existence, the life of man in field, street, factory, and mine. We toss on the sea of life in "hot uneasy slumber." The bread man eats is soaked with sweat, tears, blood. What is the tragedy behind the shot of the tinker-wench which "stopped his dirty tongue and shut his sneaky eyes"? What is the meaning of the particular shots, deaths, failures, in the world? Is there no universal plan? Not with Gibson. Life is a "heaving floor." The crazed man is "running round . . . with a knife betwixt his shoulder-blades," and the woman laughs until "her ear-rings tinkle." We reel through life, and the earth is like an Atlantis sunk in the sea; perhaps it once reared out of chaos with trees and towers, but now it is sunk and haunted; our frail craft moves over the infinite sea, and not even in a dream do we behold a risen Atlantis.

LAVA LANE. By Nathalia Crane. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. Pp. 67.

Writing poetry is a criminal offence in These States, that's the unwritten law of it, and parents encouraging it are violators of the child labor act. What a row our public-spirited and child-protecting newspapers have raised about poor little Nathalia! They demanded to know how many hours she is compelled to labor, what her tyrant parents are doing with the money she is earning? Lawyers were retained, friends rushed to her defence, others demanded the appointment of a public guardian. Heaven be praised, Nathalia is not in a Children's Home, she is permitted to read, pore for hours over dictionaries, and to collect words as other children collect pretty ribbons and glass beads. Let her write about the wind "forever seeking for a crown," about "The Cantilever Bar," and other fascinating things. Let her play with words and things and heroes, and smile her ironical smile for the childish preoccupations of her heart. Being precocious, she has a right to it. Or do you protest, O Citizen?

COLOR. By Countee Cullen. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. Pp. 108.

There are lines and whole poems of fine lyricism and human fantasy in this book of first poems by a Negro college student. But the mere human experience is slight by comparison with his intense racial consciousness, his hurt memories, sense of oppression, of which poems *The Shroud of Color,* and *Heritage* are the most significant. Cullen's work abounds in lines of daring, release, with wisdom springing from the depth of suffering and sorrow, and with lines that ring true, clear, unsentimental:

> Yet I do marvel at this curious thing:
> To make a poet black, and bid him sing?

POEMS FOR YOUTH: AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY. By William Rose Benèt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. Pp. 512.

Since disagreement with anthologists is assumed to be bad manners, I congratulate Mr. Benèt on his inclusive graciousness. His work is a barbecue of poetry, and everybody is there. The 220 poems selected for youths in their late teens or early twenties come from 124 poets, beginning with Halleck, Bryant, and Emerson, down to the youngest among the young, Miss Hilda Conkling. The compiler has done well in avoiding the purely experimental, subtle, intellectualized work of the moderns as well as the senti-

mental fireside and country work of the past. But, in poetry, too many guests kill the fun. More poetry from a smaller group of poets is better calculated to fix each individual personality in the young reader and, what's more, arouse in him the desire for more.

WHEN AMERICA WAS YOUNG. By John T. Faris. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1925.

If one likes to loiter pleasantly in the colonial and revolutionary past of America, and amuse oneself in idle hours, this is the book. Read it by snatches, to your little boy or girl, not to yourself alone. There are so many curios of the past in it, that it is better to go slowly, a chapter at a time. Here are houses, towns, lotteries, canals, post-roads, inns, pirates, duels, shops, dresses, letters from the national heroes—curios that will delight the old and young, vastly entertaining and useful. Reading it in company with the young will enhance the entertainment. One fault I find with the book: there are not enough pictures in it; more than enough as books go, but not enough in this kind of a book. My appetite is so whetted by the style and subject that I cry for more and more pictures. So does my little boy.

THE PANIC OF 1837. SOME FINANCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE JACKSONIAN PERIOD. By Reginald C. McGrane. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. Pp. 260.

This little book with the wrong title is really a political justification of the Whigs, Nicholas Biddle in particular, a discussion centering in the panic of 1837, and involving such leaders as Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren. The author has delved deep in manuscript letters, state documents, local newspapers, until he became so exhausted and confused in the currents of controversy that he had no energy left for economic analysis or understanding. One cannot ask the drowning to be detached in thought and feeling.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1925. Pp. 1,092.

Beginning from John Trevisa to Rupert Brooke, this anthology of prose is usually made up of whole selections, and forms, therefore, a readable book. Unfortunately its aim is to celebrate not English prose as much as England. Only sixteen American authors are represented here, with themes chiefly about England:

Irving, about London and English country life; Whitman, on the death of Carlyle; Santayana, on English traits. In this list of sixteen Americans we miss altogether Mark Twain, Poe, Bret Harte, Cooper, Webster, and many others, whereas unknown and insignificant Englishmen are copiously reproduced: Bishop Burnet, Bishop of Down, Dean Church, Lord Courtney of Penwith, Sir William Napier, James Ferrier, and others, fine men in themselves, but unimportant as thinkers or prose writers. Apparently, the anthology having been prepared in post-war years, "Q" was chiefly intent on doing his bit on the literary front.

AMERICA IN CIVILIZATION. By Ralph E. Turner. New York: A. A. Knopf. 1926. Pp. 411.

The title is misleading. It is not a study of American civilization, but a series of essays, each complete in itself, setting forth the major fundamental aspects of civilization in general—the roots of our history, religion, education, industry, political organization, etc. Each essay is a compact outline of some field of human knowledge. The whole collection purports to be a means of "orienting" the college freshman before he is plunged in the specialized courses of science and the humanitles. The essays will no doubt serve their purpose with beginners. It is curious, though, to observe that while the motive for books of that sort is the complaint that modern departmentalism leaves the student without an organized view of the entire field of civilization, these elementary essays lack any inner cohesion of their own. Tidbits are hardly a synthesis, and small bites here and there do not make good the aim and boast of "orienting" books.

THE SOCIAL THEORY OF GEORGE SIMMEL. By Nicholas J. Spykman. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1925. Pp. 296.

George Simmel (1858-1918) is at last introduced to American readers in an intelligent, lucid, admirable analysis of his fundamental tenets. Simmel was a heavy and voluminous writer, influential as a teacher and thinker. Coming from a long discipline in philosophy, he devoted himself particularly to the work of delimiting the method of scope of sociology, a subject which is inviting to many reformers and uplifters to its own lasting damage. Simmel has fought against the forward-looker who regarded sociology as a social philosophy or as a philosophy of history or

as a synthesis of all the social sciences. Its special task, he declared, is to determine "what is really socialization in society" seeing that society is "something functional . . . a number of interacting processes." Sociology is called upon to observe and study human relationships. Reformers, crusaders, "new" historians should ponder over this: "The social actuality cannot be grasped in its immediate totality. It can only be made intelligible when resolved through abstractions into special fields of scientific investigation. There is, therefore, no science of society, but only a series of social sciences, just as there is no science of nature, but only a series of natural sciences." And then read the book from cover to cover.

SOCIAL PROGRESS. A HANDBOOK OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT. Edited by William Floyd. New York: The Arbitrator. 1926. Pp. 342.

The editor had the good fortune of an able contributory board, which included Frederic C. Howe, Louis F. Post, Oswald Garrison Villard, James H. Maurer, John Haynes Holmes, and the result is that we have a survey, not a handbook merely, of the socio-economic factors underlying the liberal movement, carefully compiled from authoritative sources; both a survey and a source-book, notwithstanding its topical incompleteness, notwithstanding even its small size. It is especially bursting with pertinent facts and material relating to recent industrial conflicts and the delirium of the Great War.

THINKING ABOUT THINKING. By Cassius J. Keyser. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. Pp. 91.

This is a valuable entry in the Today and Tomorrow Series. The two major kinds of thinking discussed by the Columbia professor of mathematics are organic thinking, in response to varying conditions and changing needs; and autonomous thinking, which seeks after absolute validity and fixidity. Most of our autonomous thinking is recent; it has been fathered by scientific advances and discoveries. Autonomous thinking carried into the social and political order is, on the other hand, responsible for mistakes in policy and lack of organic adjustment. In the social order, what is vital for progress is more questioning of our established modes of thought and behavior.

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October-December, 1926

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III. *The Indebtedness of Echegaray to Ibsen* . Ruth E. Kennedy

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V. *Has Greek Drama a Message for To-day?* Margaret J. H. Myers

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Contributors to the October Review

NOTE: Beginning with the January, 1927, number, THE SEWANEE REVIEW will be owned and published by the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee. Dr. William Skinkle Knickerbocker, Professor of English Literature in the University of the South and author of *Creative Oxford: Its Influence in Victorian Literature*, will then succeed to the editorship of the REVIEW. Dr. Knickerbocker has received the degrees of A.B., A.M. and Ph.D. from Columbia University.

—

Miss ELSPETH MACDUFFIE lives in Springfield, Massachusetts.

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Professor SIDNEY L. COX, formerly of the University of Montana, now of Dartmouth College, has frequently contributed to THE SEWANEE REVIEW.

MARGARET J. H. MYERS (Mrs. G. B. Myers), of Sewanee, Tennessee, contributed "The Meaning of Katharsis" to the July, 1926, number of THE SEWANEE REVIEW.

Dr. C. M. NEWMAN has been head of the English Department at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1916.

Mr. ALLEN WOODALL contributed the poem "Sun-Worshipper" to the July, 1926, SEWANEE REVIEW.

Mr. WILLIAM HUSE DUNHAM, JR., is an Instructor of History in Yale University.

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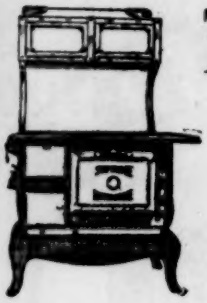
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